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THE SECEDING AMERICAN STATES.

THERE is little danger that Englishmen will look on the dissolution of the United States with languid curiosity or malicious satisfaction. We have plenty of selfish reasons, if we had no others, for regarding it with something like dismay. In fact, the event which South Carolina has recklessly precipitated may be said to have involved this country in the very same embarrassments with which the Northern United States have so long struggled. We are on the point of being placed in the same dilemma between our humanitarian and our patriotic sympathies—or, as some of us would perhaps put it, between our duties and our interests. To all appearance, we shall soon have to decide whether we are to surrender our championship of abolitionism or to compromise the supply of raw material for that form of industry which feeds four or five millions of our population.

As soon as the Southern Confederacy has consolidated itself, it will demand the acknowledgment of its flag. There are few, probably, who, however conscious of the *malaise* which must always characterize intimate relations between this country and a great slave-holding community, would hesitate to allow that such a demand would have to be conceded, provided that the new State would impose on itself the treaty-obligations contracted by the present United States. But it seems impossible to come to an understanding on this condition. There is no reason to suppose that the Confederation of the South will bind itself in any way to suppress, or even to discourage, the slave-trade. The secret of the popular movement which is now hurrying the Southerners to secession is that the masses have stepped in, and are carrying into action the policy which their bragging political leaders intended to confine to words. The fate of the American Union is in the hands of a class of men probably the most ignorant, the most unscrupulous, and the most lawless in the world—the poor, or “mean” whites of the Slave States. This worst of populations has now the mastery of the South. It has broken the Union in pieces, probably against the secret inclinations of the richer planters, and most assuredly it will govern the commonwealth, which is to be constituted in conformity with its own designs and interests, and not with theirs. The “mean” whites want slaves, and intend to have them; indeed, it is only the moral pressure of the North, and not the influence of the slave proprietors, which has prevented them from reviving the trade in men years and years ago. There is, therefore, every probability that the Southern Federation will require to be recognised without conditions. Shall we comply? If we do, the Slave-trade revives *ipso jure*, for not only do we surrender the too often illusory securities provided by our treaties against the illegal prosecution of the traffic, but we restore to the traffic itself the legality which unquestionably once belonged to it. The Slave-trade is not piracy under international law, but becomes so by special convention; and it is now proposed to us to have no convention on the subject with a State whose demand for negroes will be large enough to tempt all the slave-hunters of central Africa to quadruple their operations. There is no disguising the character of the sacrifice urged upon us. We are asked to forget the established policy of seventy years, to renounce our primacy of philanthropic effort, to declare that the impoverishment of our West Indian colonies was unnecessary and uncalled-for, and to admit, in the face of the world, that our statesmanship and our popular sentiment have alike been hollow and insincere.

There is another course which seems at first sight open to us. It may seem that we can refuse the recognition of this new Power till we can concede it on our own terms. Strictly speaking, there is nothing to prevent our continuing to treat

the seceding States as part of the old Confederation. The existing treaties, such as they are, may still be acted on, and the Slave-trade still dealt with as a high crime against public law. But we must not shut our eyes to the difficulty, and even the danger, of this policy. There is no conviction which has had profounder effect on the minds of the Southerners than that which they express in the apophthegm, *Cotton is King*. They believe that England, and perhaps France, must, willingly or, unwillingly, sue for the means of continuing the cotton manufacture on which five millions of Englishmen and more than a million Frenchmen are said to depend for subsistence. No calamity which has ever fallen on a nation—not even the Irish famine—can be as much as compared with the destruction or interruption of so colossal a branch of industry. The calculation of the Southerners is that we must fall on our knees before those who have the cotton-crop in their warehouses, to bind and to loose, to give and to withhold. No prejudice or sentiment can be supposed powerful enough to make good its footing against so overwhelming a necessity. It is impossible even to conceive a meeting collected in Exeter Hall to protest against the unconditional recognition of the Southern Union, if the immediate consequence of its having its way would be to destroy the capital, annihilate the wages-fund, and paralyse the labour of five millions of men. Suppose, argue the Southerners, that the European States even go to war to make us sell them our cotton. They can only succeed by stirring up our slaves to rebellion, and so destroying their last hope of recovering the fibre by which they live.

The difficulty is one which will task the utmost energies of British diplomacy; but at the same time, it is one of those which really do admit of a diplomatic adjustment. The shameful surrender at discretion contemplated by the Southerners is by no means the only solution, for this country has an advantage on its own side which its public servants ought to make the most of. It must be recollected that it is just as necessary for the American Slave-states to sell their cotton as for Great Britain to buy it. Were it conceivable that the Southerners should adopt the extraordinary measure of withholding their crop for a single year, they would be left with at least as many millions of starving slaves as there would be starving freemen in England. If American cotton were for a while neither bought nor sold, our countrymen would perhaps perish in crowds, but there would perish in the Slave-states at least an equal multitude of persons, who are not only men, but property. If Englishmen in such an event were racked by fruitless pity, it is quite certain that the Southern Americans would have to bear the tortures of baffled cupidity. In short, it is out of the question that the Slave Power will ever try the extreme measure by which it threatens to bring all Europe on its knees. Even Southerners are reasonable beings, and are too wise to sting, like the wasp, at the cost of existence. If tact, firmness, and patience are displayed by the British Foreign Office, we may yet be able to recognise this Southern Confederacy, should it really make good its independence, without shaming ourselves in the face of civilization.

Whatever happens—even in the event which is most to be wished for, of the American Union reconstructing itself after a brief disruption—it is most thoroughly to be hoped that English statesmen will abandon the languid indifference with which they have hitherto listened to troublesome warnings about this great question of cotton supply. We have now looked the danger in the eyes. We have been awakened to the flagrant contradiction which exists, without any fault of ours, between our acts and words. We can now see that it is simply the union of Free with Slave States in the same American confederacy which has disguised from

us our dependence on slave-labour, and enabled us to demand securities against the prosecution of the slave-trade from a Government one-half of whose subjects prided themselves above all things on their possession of slaves. With opportunities at least equal to our dangers—with the whole tropical world open to our influence, and the most populous of tropical countries under our sceptre—it will be national suicide if we do not strain every nerve to emancipate ourselves from moral servitude to a community of slaveowners.

MR. HORSMAN AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

A NY discussion of the arguments which were lately addressed by Mr. HORSMAN to his constituents would be out of date and superfluous. It is natural that they should be irritated by his conduct; and yet it is perfectly intelligible that he should think himself in the right. In a controversy between an accomplished gentleman and a provincial coterie of Radical Quakers, there is some risk that judicial impartiality may be disturbed; and it is surprising that even the bitterest of Mr. HORSMAN's Ministerial opponents can persuade themselves to sympathize with the angry electors of Stroud. Lord PALMERSTON's friends may reasonably resent his systematic attacks on the Government, but the complaint urged by his constituents, or their leaders, is really founded on his antagonism to Mr. BRIGHT. It was useless for Mr. HORSMAN to prove that his own anti-Ministerial language had been outdone in vehemence by the zealous assailants of the national defences and of the Paper-duty. He might have denounced Lord PALMERSTON's moderation with perfect impunity if he had professed enthusiasm for the Commercial Treaty and for the Reform Bill. Nothing could be more conclusive than his remonstrance against the appeal to an arbitrary Quaker doctrine which is repudiated by the vast majority of the country and the House of Commons; but the sect is apparently dominant at Stroud, and the electors in general were, for the time, as much irritated as the fiercest friends of peace. After all, the logic of faction is not to be despised. Partisans might not be able to point out the fallacies of Mr. HORSMAN's apology, but they know that it would have been unnecessary if he had preserved the tacit understanding under which he was returned to Parliament. Paradoxes and up-hill arguments are ill-suited to the platform, and they invariably fail to represent the compacts which are formed on the hustings. If the Stroud malcontents had analysed their indignant sentiments, they would have found at the bottom a sense of disappointment and wrong, because their member had represented neither their own prejudices nor the opposite policy of Lord PALMERSTON. It is understood that a candidate must either act with his party or go beyond it in its distinguishing doctrines. It is not permitted to deviate in the direction of the hostile camp. Mr. HORSMAN was at liberty to regard the Premier as the first of statesmen, or to join Mr. BRIGHT in denouncing him as an aristocrat, a reactionist, and an enemy of the people. His criticisms have been unpardonable, because they were formed from a point of view which might have been selected by the regular Opposition. Mr. BRIGHT's Quaker adherents at Stroud are far more hostile than Mr. HORSMAN to the present Government; but he has enabled them to rally Lord PALMERSTON's followers in a joint attack on the imprudent enemy of both Liberal sections.

Mr. HORSMAN would do well to abstain from dwelling on his consistency, though he is probably sincere in his own conviction that his opinions are unchanged. The same principles and habits of thought lead to widely different conclusions under varying circumstances and at distant periods of life. A quarter of a century ago, Mr. HORSMAN doubted the infallibility of the Whigs under Lord MELBOURNE, and he is now thoroughly convinced of the fallibility which they share with Lord PALMERSTON. His relative position may be the same, but in the course of years and of events, all the combatants have repeatedly shifted their places, and even the sun and the wind have changed their directions. In his youth, Mr. HORSMAN was too bold an innovator for the official Liberals, and he certainly used strong language on several occasions in speaking of the House of Lords and of the Church. In 1860 he defended, on principle, the interference of the Peers in taxation, and although he asserts that he still continues to vote for the Ballot, he would scarcely profess any zeal for the extension of the franchise. Every honest man is, in a certain sense, consistent, and yet, if he has the faculty of keeping his mind and his eyes open, he will necessarily modify his creed and his course

of action by the lessons of experience. In political life it is necessary to remember that parties and factions transform themselves far more slowly. Stroud may perhaps have learned nothing and forgotten nothing since the first Reform Bill, while Mr. HORSMAN has gone through a long Parliamentary education. A parish clerk canvassing for a Church-rate was assured by a conscientious opponent that he also was strongly attached to the Church, and that his vote against the rate would be dictated by an enlightened regard to its best interests. "Hang the Church," replied the zealous and single-minded functionary, "what I mean is, will you 'vote for master?' The constituency of Stroud, adhering to a simple and tangible issue, justly objects to Mr. HORSMAN that he never votes for master.

It will be a cause for regret if so vigorous and intelligent a politician is left without a seat in Parliament, and it is always desirable that a certain number of members in the House of Commons should be at liberty to set party considerations aside. Mr. DRUMMOND often told truths which both sides of the House were restrained from uttering, and Mr. ROEBUCK has partially redeemed the caprice and egotism of his career by a similar assumption of independence. Mr. HORSMAN is better able to give effect to his habitual disapprobation, but he will find it difficult to provide himself with a constituency equally unattached. It may be doubted whether his own ambition will be permanently satisfied in a position of secondary and indirect influence as an impartial commentator on political contests. Party government would be impossible if any considerable number of members thought fit to regard themselves as superior to the restraints of party. Every vote, in addition to its literal meaning, has a bearing on the choice of the Ministers who are to govern the country; and a systematic opposition to Lord PALMERSTON implies either a blameable indifference to consequences or a desire to promote the accession of Lord DERBY. Attacks from the other wing of the party are understood to have no practical bearing, as long as Mr. BRIGHT represents only a powerless minority; but Mr. HORSMAN's arguments might have proceeded from Mr. DISRAELI, and his hostility to the different sections of the Cabinet was as indiscriminate as it was bitter. The financial caprices of Mr. GLADSTONE justified special attacks on his department, and technically the whole Government was responsible for his measures, but as it was well known that the majority of his colleagues deprecated his rashness, it was indiscreet to include the allies of Mr. BRIGHT and the opponents of innovation in a common censure.

On several of the questions which were discussed in the course of the session, Mr. HORSMAN expressed with unnecessary bitterness the opinion of sound and moderate politicians; but nevertheless his constituents and former allies are justified in inquiring, What he really wants? A prejudiced partisan of the Government would reply by the coarse assertion that he wants office and promotion, and he might himself admit that he desires either to throw out the Government or to compel it to adopt a different policy; yet it is necessary to take ulterior consequences into account, and to determine whether the only alternative Ministry is preferable. Mr. DISRAELI might, through want of opportunity, have avoided the errors which excited Mr. HORSMAN's indignation against Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. GLADSTONE; but when he was in office he bid for popularity by condemning the Paper-duty, and in foreign affairs he has always been disposed to truckle to the Emperor of the FRENCH. His Reform Bill was little better than Lord JOHN RUSSELL's, and it was brought forward with more deliberate insincerity. If Mr. HORSMAN really prefers a DERBY Government, he must become less severe and astute in the exercise of his Parliamentary censorship. The suggestion that it is his object to bring true Liberals into power requires further explanation. As he is opposed to Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CORDELL, there are no candidates for a share in the Ministry which it is impossible that he should constitute alone. Even if competent statesmen could be found, the constituencies still abide by the old-fashioned party distinctions. Blue and yellow they recognise and understand, but who or what is green?

Dispassionate reflection might perhaps convince Mr. HORSMAN that the moderate section of the present Cabinet represents his opinions more nearly than any other class of politicians. In common with the great majority of educated men, he despises obstructive prejudice, and at the same time he dislikes organic change. Precisely the same disposition prevails among three-fourths of the House of Commons, although many sensible members have condes-

cended to echo the vulgar cant of the hustings. One of the best securities for the Constitution is to be found in the personal self-respect which deters members of the House of Commons, notwithstanding thoughtless professions out of doors, from talking revolutionary nonsense in the presence of their equals. The House has confidence in Lord PALMERSTON, because he is believed to be as free from restless love of change as he is exempt from unseasonable bigotry. His foreign policy happens to coincide with the general feeling of the country, and if it is not spirited enough for Mr. HORSMAN, it is less tame and less confused than Lord MALMESBURY'S.

The eager politicians of Stroud will probably take care at the next election to choose a thorough-going Liberal, who may be trusted not to think for himself. They have been disappointed in Mr. HORSMAN, and they will avoid similar mistakes in future. To strengthen the Ministry they will elect a zealous opponent of every doctrine which is represented in the Cabinet, and their member will gratify them by voting for the ballot, for household suffrage, and, in deference to the Quakers, for the disarmament of the nation. Fortunately, however, questions of this kind have not yet become practically important, and, on great party divisions, the ultra-Liberal votes with the Government. If the future member is blessed with intelligence and education, he will modify the crude professions of his canvass when he comes to deal with practical affairs, and, on the other hand, a mere dull and hard-mouthed delegate will find himself wholly powerless in Parliament. It is difficult to foresee any method by which Mr. HORSMAN can make his peace with the borough, but it is a pity that he should subject himself to political ostracism. Ability and eloquence, if they are not more useful qualities than party consistency, are more ornamental and incomparably rarer.

LORD CANNING'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

AN Indian financial statement reporting a deficit of many millions has come to be so much a matter of course that it excites less alarm and less attention than it deserves. There is nothing in it but what has been clearly foreseen for years past, and will, on the present system, be certainly repeated for years to come. What makes the aspect of affairs more gloomy is that each successive confession of insolvency is accompanied by the assurance—honestly given, beyond all question—that every possible effort has been made to effect a reduction of expenditure. That all that may hereafter be found practicable in the way of retrenchment has not yet been done, may very possibly be true; but at the same time it is to be remembered that money has been withheld from works which ought under no circumstances to be starved, and that every advance in the civilization and prosperity of India will demand, as it does at home, a constant increase in the scale of civil expenditure. By degrees, some not inconsiderable saving may yet be effected in the military and police expenditure; but it will be well if this balances the increase of outlay in other departments, and it is a dangerous delusion to suppose that the total of Indian expenditure can ever be wisely and safely reduced very much below its present amount. A judicious step has recently been taken in the transformation of the Bombay Native Cavalry into irregular troops. Efficiency and economy are both promoted by the measure, for while troops like FANE'S and PROBYN'S Horse can be maintained at half the cost of regular cavalry, there can be little doubt as to the wisdom of completely remodelling the whole Indian cavalry on the plan which has just been applied to Bombay. Something, too, no doubt, may be saved by a reconstruction of the police force, and a reduction of the native army; but while there still remains the cost of the European force, which cannot be touched, it needs a very sanguine temper to believe that military retrenchment will suffice to fill up a void of more than 6,000,000*l.* Lord CANNING, in his financial statement, holds out no such hope, and though he piteously appeals to all his subordinates to cut down their departmental estimates to the lowest possible figure, it is quite evident that he has no expectation of being able to cover the deficiency by any amount of reduction in the civil departments. There is, indeed, a style of criticism, by which the hardest knots are cut in an instant. If Lord CANNING and all the local authorities concur in saying that they cannot get on without something like the present scale of expenditure, the difficulty is got over at once by simply saying that the army must be reduced, and that the necessary retrenchment must be made by some means or other. And yet any man who

troubles himself to think can scarcely avoid the conviction that no one can desire a balanced exchequer more earnestly than the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, and that when he and all his advisers declare that the expenditure cannot be safely reduced by anything like the amount of the present deficit, it is just possible that they may be right.

The other side of the account, though it shows an improvement on past years, is scarcely more hopeful. It is expected that 1,000,000*l.* will be obtained from the Income-tax—little enough for all the trouble it has cost; but for the present, at any rate, it seems to be admitted on all hands that the experiment of laying increased burdens on the people has been pushed as far as can be done without the risk of exciting universal disaffection. The Customs revenue has not been increased without calling forth the most energetic remonstrances from our own manufacturers, and nothing more can well be done in that direction. Some steady, though not large, increase of revenue may be drawn from lands newly brought into cultivation; but this must be a mere drop in the ocean, and the other sources of revenue, so far from admitting of considerable development, include elements so precarious as to make it doubtful whether the present returns can be permanently secured.

The truth is, we have now fairly drifted into a system of chronic deficit and annual loans which must prove ruinous at last to any Government. It is no longer to any great extent an extraordinary expenditure which causes the difficulty; but in the midst of absolute peace India is spending in excess of her income far more than can possibly be set down as the arrears due to the great rebellion. Three years after the mutiny we ought to be able to see our way a little into the financial future of the country; but every year makes it more difficult to assign a term to the embarrassments of the Indian Government. The policy which has hitherto been pursued by statesmen at home has been to shut their eyes steadfastly and hope hard. At first we were told that a year or two might clear off the mutiny accounts and start the Indian Government on a new career of prosperity. A little later, Sir CHARLES WOOD, with unabated hope, was compelled to admit the possibility of annual loans being required for three years more. Next session, perhaps, the time of temporary expedients will be extended to five or six years; and very soon it will come to be generally understood that Indian finance is quite a hopeless business, and that a deficit and a loan must be accepted as the permanent conditions of our rule until such time as it may be considered a good speculation to repudiate our debts, and retire from so unprofitable a dependency. The other alternative—that England will pay the accumulated debt—we are not allowed to anticipate; for the leaders of all parties have declared that in no contingency will Imperial aid be given, and that, if India cannot recover herself, England will at last abandon her bankrupt province. Perhaps we may, at the last moment, hesitate to give up a possession for which we have struggled so hard; but if these annual deficits are to continue, it is as well to look the difficulty in the face at once, and admit that the only alternative will be the adoption of Indian liabilities after they have increased indefinitely beyond their present amount, or the bankruptcy of the local Government and the abandonment of the country. If this is so—and no third possibility can be suggested—means must be found to balance the finances of India. It is becoming daily more certain that retrenchment alone will not do this, and scarcely less so that the extreme limits of taxation have been pretty nearly reached.

In the figures we have taken from Lord CANNING'S statement we have not told nearly the worst of the case. If the Government had not, with a mockery of economy, abandoned the prosecution of works on which vast sums have been spent in vain, and from which a further outlay would extract a percentage of profit unheard of in this country, the deficit this year would have been nearer ten millions than six. To bring to completion the works already commenced would, Lord CANNING tells us, require at least 8,000,000*l.*, and there are many more which ought to be undertaken. True, the returns would be enormous; but, under the pressure for retrenchment which has been applied from home, the Indian Administration dares not spend a shilling on works for which the public faith is already pledged, and which, when finished, would supply the only chance of providing a sufficient revenue for future years. If a doubt remains as to the remunerative character of such works, let it by all means be removed by further investigation; but if there is any truth in the unanimous assurance of all Indian officials who

are acquainted with the subject, the Indian treasury possesses in its Public Works Department an absolute mine of wealth which needs nothing but adequate capital to work it. Imagine a man of enormous wealth and ample credit, dealing with an improveable estate as we are dealing with India. He finds, we will suppose, that his tenants are turbulent and poor, and that there is no possibility of extracting from the soil a rental sufficient to cover the expenses of management. He knows that this unpromising bit of land contains a mine which would give unlimited returns for a liberal outlay of capital; and he has abundant means if he chooses to use them. But he has indulged himself in a crotchet that each of his separate possessions shall be self-supporting, and he prefers enduring an annual loss on an unfortunate estate to applying his spare capital to the purpose of improving it into a valuable property. A man who acted thus would be thought insane; but if a tenth part of the official reports as to the capabilities of India are true, this is precisely what England is doing in India.

The bold policy of raising and investing in the improvement of India capital enough to restore the country to prosperity, is, we are satisfied, the only way of escaping the chronic embarrassment into which we have drifted. In the end, this would be far less costly than borrowing some six or eight millions every year to fill up the annual void. It would surely be better to make a favourable investment of 10,000,000*l.* than to throw away more than half as much without return year after year. But of course any large transaction of this kind would imply the raising of the money at English rates of interest and upon English credit; and rather than abandon the impracticable crotchet of making India help herself out of the ditch, our statesmen are content to fritter away millions every year without doing India one particle more good than Messrs. LAURENCE and MORTIMORE did to the business friends whom they kept nominally above water until the flood became too strong to be longer resisted. If this is the only kind of assistance to be given to India, the sooner we cast off the incumbrance the better it will be; but there is a wiser course, if we had but the courage to venture upon it, and the only question is, how long we are to wait and how much money we are to spend before we have the sense to adopt it?

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE Emperor NAPOLEON, the POPE, and General GOYON, are conferring a benefit on the Italians by reminding them, from day to day, of the condition out of which they are emerging into unity and independence. The French fleet at Gaeta illustrates the liability of a weak State to insult, while the Roman Court, like the drunken helot, represents with coarse fidelity the degradation of an anti-national government and system. Perhaps some of the eager partisans who are setting up GARIBALDI against CAVOUR may remember, before it is too late, that there is no room for faction while the King of NAPLES still holds a corner of his former territory, and while the capital of Italy is in the hands of an enemy. The national Parliament which will shortly meet ought, at least for the present, to emulate the patriotic unanimity of the more limited Assembly to which it succeeds. The KING and his Minister, even if they deserved all the calumnies of their Mazzinian enemies, are still the symbols and indispensable instruments of Italian liberty. It is for the constitutional dynasty of VICTOR EMMANUEL, and not for an imaginary Italian Republic, that the army and people of Piedmont have fought and suffered. The attempt to conciliate local discontents in Naples and Sicily by the substitution of a Republican or Dictatorial Government would, even if it were successfully accomplished, once more divide Italy into two. The partisans of MAZZINI recognise the necessity of circumstances so far as to affect a temporary and conditional adherence to royalty, but it is difficult to organize, in the face of opposition, a system which is avowedly temporary and experimental. CHARLES ALBERT was compelled, in the crisis of his destiny, to reject the assistance which MAZZINI professed to offer on the same nugatory terms. It is satisfactory to observe that even in Naples the Constitutional party is preparing to take an effective share in the approaching election. POERIO is president of an electoral committee which has passed the curious and significant resolution that no candidate is to be supported on the pretext of his former experience of persecution. The chief sufferer for Neapolitan freedom wishes to put a stop to the trade in martyrdom which has so often

been found profitable on the morrow of a revolution. The choice of representatives will probably in a great degree depend on the skill and activity of the more intelligent leaders. It was found possible to obtain a large majority for VICTOR EMMANUEL when the lowest class of the population was admitted to the suffrage, and the more rational provisions of the Piedmontese electoral law will provide a constituency more capable of appreciating the character of the present crisis. It may not perhaps be impossible to satisfy the electors that moderate and respectable representatives are not necessarily hostile to the person or to the deliberate policy of GARIBALDI. If an unpledged assembly of educated Italians can ever be brought together, Count CAVOUR's tenure of power may be reasonably made subject to the condition of the success of his efforts to guide and to control them.

English writers and speakers who recommend the Italians to support the present Government of Turin are not influenced by any officious desire to meddle with the internal politics of a foreign country. It is true that, at this distance, Count CAVOUR's power seems to be identified with national freedom, but the people whom he governs are the only competent judges of his ability and general trustworthiness. At the same time, it is certain that, at this moment, foreign relations concern Italy more nearly than any internal disputes; and the fears of Austria and of Rome, and the jealousy of France, point out the present Minister as the most formidable opponent of the public enemy. Some confidence is due to a statesman who has been denounced in a hundred Austrian State papers, and Italians in general will regard a Papal excommunication as a certificate of manly patriotism. If Count CAVOUR should be removed from office by the action of a Parliamentary majority, it can only be hoped that his successor may continue his task with better fortune. At the time of the unlucky collision with GARIBALDI, the triumph of the Minister represented the victory of freedom and constitutional government over the irregular action of personal influence. VICTOR EMMANUEL, if he is unavoidably deprived of his ablest supporter, will continue, with such aid as he can obtain, the enterprise which he has made the business of his life. By giving way to the injudicious dictation of an individual, the KING would have abdicated his power and his duty in favour of a rival. It is not clear whether the professed partisans of GARIBALDI wish to dispense with the aid of the regular army, or to convert their chieftain into a mere usurper. The KING alone can command the allegiance of the troops who must form the nucleus of any general armament. It is easy to put half a million or a million men upon paper, but the trained regiments of Northern Italy must bear the brunt of any future collision with the formidable forces of Austria; and it will be well if the whole Peninsula is ready to rise behind the first line of defence, so as to supply the vacancies which will soon occur in the ranks of the combatants. The population of Lombardy has become warlike through the excitement of the Sicilian enterprise, and perhaps Sicilians and Calabrians may hereafter be found among the conquerors of Venice. At present, the only real Italian army serves under the flag of Piedmont, which is soon to be exchanged for the national standard of Italy, and GARIBALDI's disbanded volunteers, though not less soldierly or reliable, have always been insignificant in numbers.

The mysterious demonstration of the French fleet at Gaeta has probably, at least in part, failed to attain its object. The interference, if it was intended to remind the Italians of their dependence on France, has effectually convinced them of the necessity of discarding their Imperial patron. The gratitude which FRANCIS II. has expressed to his protector measures the deduction which Italy is entitled to make from the load of previous obligation. The breathing time which has not enabled the fallen Prince to secure a restoration has permitted some attempts to organize the new provinces, and it has caused the postponement of premature enterprises against Rome or Venetia. The descent of the BOURBON dynasty from the throne has not even been rendered honourable by the defence of a fortress which was guaranteed by a foreign Power against effectual attack. The anomalous and twofold violation of neutrality is probably about to cease, and, at this moment, the independence of Italy is endangered by French diplomacy more seriously than by the forces of Admiral BARBIER or of General GOYON. It is still asserted that the Emperor NAPOLEON adheres to his project of an Italian Federation, and that he hopes to effect his purpose by the aid of a Congress. The project is probably one of several alternative schemes,

which may be adopted or thrown aside according to the circumstances of the moment. The States which were to be federally united have ceased to exist, with the exception of one preponderating Power, ill-balanced by the residuary malignity of Rome. There is no dispute among Governments on which a Congress could arbitrate, nor would it be possible to carry out the decrees of such a tribunal if they were inconsistent with the actual position, or even with the hopes, of Italy. It is absurd to suppose that England would abandon a distinct and unwavering policy in deference to any majority of Plenipotentiaries. As soon as VICTOR EMMANUEL thinks fit to declare himself King of ITALY, his title will be recognised by one at least of the Great Powers; and when a Monarchy is once admitted into the European community, it will be absurd to propose its possible dismemberment as a question to be determined by a Congress. The whole project is probably but the ostensible cover of a secret negotiation for some further cession of Italian territory, while it leaves an opening for Muratist intrigues in the South. The participation of France in the attack on Venetia is expected by the Hungarian malcontents with hope, and by Austria with well-founded alarm. Bribes and threats will not be spared in the prosecution of French policy in Italy; but on the whole it is not probable that any additional province will be sacrificed, either to the French EMPEROR or to his dependents.

The changes of the local administration at Naples and Palermo undoubtedly indicate the difficulty of governing the new provinces. It is much to be regretted that FARINI should have been unable to repeat the success which he obtained, in the midst of a more loyal and manly population, in the Duchies and Romagna. The rank of the Prince of CARIGNANO may perhaps give him some advantage in administering the Government; and NIGRA, who will be his principal assistant, bears a high reputation for energy and ability. Many existing difficulties will disappear when the BOURBON flag at Gaeta no longer encourages reactionary designs. The French fleet will, it is said, be withdrawn in a fortnight; but in the meantime the Piedmontese are prosecuting the siege vigorously by land. For the accompanying waste of blood and treasure the Emperor of the FRENCH is exclusively responsible; yet a conquest by force would, perhaps, be more beneficial to the Italian cause than an evacuation negotiated by the French. In any case, it is scarcely possible that VICTOR EMMANUEL should listen to the insidious proposal of a three months' armistice preparatory to the Congress. It would be easier and cheaper to continue military operations through the remainder of the winter than to cope with the plots and local insurrections which would follow on a temporary cessation of hostilities. In the spring, the troops of Italy will probably be required elsewhere, and it will in any case be essential to the public safety that they should be known to be disposable. It is, after all, possible that the principal object of the intervention at Gaeta was to throw dust in the eyes of Legitimists and Romanizers in France. The cause of the POPE and of the BOURBONS is apparently fashionable in French society, and may therefore occasionally deserve ostensible countenance from the Government. It is in this sense that the POPE professes to interpret those portions of the Imperial policy which he condescends to approve. In his reply to General GOYON, he affected to attribute the expedition to Syria and the presence of the fleet at Gaeta to the French nation, which has never been consulted on either measure. The General was unable to extract from the infallible lips a single word of compliment to the Eldest Son of the Church. In his Allocution, the POPE had previously, by implication, attributed to the EMPEROR the heretical, profane, and revolutionary pamphlet which recommended a French schism after the manner of HENRY VIII. When Supreme Pontiffs and ambitious Potentates fall out, there is a chance that regenerated nations may get their own.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.

AMONG the rumours of war that are resounding on all sides, one comes from a quarter which has hitherto been hushed in the profoundest peace; and when very quiet people talk of fighting, there is often more chance of blood being really drawn than when war is threatened by the warlike. Prussia has made up its mind—or very nearly made up its mind—to take up with a strong hand a very old quarrel, and settle the Schleswig-Holstein business once for all. Austria, hoping probably for assistance of some sort in return, has not only given Prussia *carte blanche*, but

has ordered her satellites to put themselves under Prussian guidance. Saxony, which holds to Austria something of the position held by a confidential clerk to a great trading firm, has announced that it will be happy to discount any bills that Prussia may draw upon it; and the Federal Diet has gone through a series of its customary useless formalities with unusual expedition, and Prussia is to act not only in her own name, and virtually in that of Germany, but legally and formally in that of the Federation. It becomes, therefore, her duty, first to lay her case before the world, and then to back her opinion with arms. In England, we believe, there exist no real prepossessions one way or the other. We are friendly to Prussia, and we are friendly to the Scandinavian Kingdoms generally, and especially to a kingdom like Denmark, which is courageous, constitutional, and maritime. All we want to know is, which side has justice with it; and if the Prussians are right, we want, if we are to respect them, to see them act boldly, without troubling themselves about France, or England, or any foreign Power whatever. If Prussia has a single man in her boundaries who can write a clear, definite despatch, let him compose a memorial setting forth what she claims; and if the Prussian army exists anywhere, except on paper, let the KING set it in motion if the claim is just and not conceded. The Prussians often complain that they are treated with injustice by English critics. Those who take the trouble to understand them know that the real injustice that is done to them is by their own officials. But the mass of critics never take pains to understand anything; and how can the Prussians expect to be valued highly by superficial observers when their political sentiments are expressed through the hazy and drowsy medium of Baron SCHLEINITZ, and when the last Prussian General who took the field was General WILLISEN?

So far as we are able, in the absence of a proper and formal manifesto, to understand it, the Prussian case against Denmark is a clear and a valid one. The present King of DENMARK came to the throne early in 1848, and took the usual coronation oath as Duke of SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, by which he bound himself to govern those Duchies as Duke, and not as King of Denmark; and also to preserve their ancient and indissoluble union. But the revolution found its way to Copenhagen, and the democratic party there was very anxious to break up the union of the Duchies, and make the Eyder, which separates them, the borders of Denmark. The KING yielded, and decreed the incorporation of Schleswig. This was what may be called a Danish *coup d'état*, and the Frankfort Parliament replied by a German *coup d'état*, and decreed the incorporation of Holstein with Germany. Both these decrees were equally illegal, and the German was no better than the Danish, except that it struck the second, and not the first blow. But meantime, the Schleswig-Holsteiners had taken the matter into their own hands, and resolved to fight against the King of DENMARK, not in order to shake off his authority as Duke, but to keep him to his coronation oath, and to preserve the ancient and legal union of the Duchies. The shadowy authority of the Frankfort Parliament soon passed into the feeble grasp of the late King of PRUSSIA, and he hastened to terminate the German quarrel with Denmark, and peace was proclaimed between the two Powers. But the Schleswig-Holsteiners kept the field, and after losing the battle of Istedt, retreated to the southern part of Schleswig, where their possession of the fortress of Rendsburg secured them a certain means of protracting their defence. Things came to a dead lock. The forces of the Duchies could not re-occupy the north of Schleswig. The Danes could not occupy the south. Prussia then, in conjunction with Austria, stepped in, on the express invitation of Denmark, and forced the troops of the Duchies to lay down their arms on condition of receiving from the German Confederation an express guarantee of the union of the Duchies. German troops, however, remained in Holstein until 1852, and then both Schleswig and Holstein were finally restored to Denmark upon a convention being entered into between Germany, acting through Prussia, and Denmark, for the future government and treatment of the Duchies.

The whole Prussian case rests upon the circumstance that this Convention was the price at which the German troops of the Duchies were obliged by German Powers to abandon a position from which the Danes were unable to force them. Every tie of nationality, every sentiment of honour, every obligation of justice, therefore, concur to impose on Germany generally, and on Prussia more particularly, the duty of seeing that this Convention is fairly carried out by Den-

mark. The Prussians allege that, not only has it not been carried out, but it has been openly and flagrantly violated. The grievances are of two kinds—political and social. By the Convention of 1852, Denmark undertook to give an independent political existence to each Duchy by the creation of a local assembly, having control over its own taxation. Schleswig was to have one of these assemblies, and Holstein another. Denmark has attempted to evade this stipulation altogether, and the KING wishes to have one uniform Constitution for the whole of his dominions, including the Duchies, and entrusts their taxation to an assembly sitting at Copenhagen. The social grievances are, however, much harder to bear, and are the real cause of the strong feeling which the question of the Duchies has lately awakened in Northern Germany. By the Convention it was declared that the Germans and the Danes in Schleswig, and generally throughout the KING's dominions, should be put on a footing of perfect equality. If the German accounts are true, it is impossible for any undertaking to have been more entirely disregarded. The most violent efforts have been made to stop all German instruction and education, and to prevent the Germans from meeting together. In fact, the very measures have been taken which would naturally be taken by a Government that wished to trample out a nationality altogether. The German clergy have been summarily ejected, and Danish ministers have been substituted, even in parishes where the population has scarcely contained one Dane to a hundred Germans. German schools have been forcibly closed in villages where there were none but German children to be instructed. It is said that a special law has made it an offence punishable by imprisonment, for two families to club together to maintain a German tutor for their children. This is a statement which, we confess, seems incredible, were it not that it happens to have been confirmed this week by a telegram announcing that Denmark henceforth permits children to be educated at home in their mother tongue. Things must have gone very far if it is considered a handsome concession to let Germans teach their children in German in their own houses. Then, again, the wretched Schleswigers are even forbidden to meet together in a Bible society. All association among the Germans, for any purpose whatever, is rigidly prohibited; and every art is employed to show them that they are a subject race, who must melt into the mass of their conquerors or be exterminated.

That this account of the treatment of the Germans in Schleswig is true, we cannot say. But most certainly it is believed to be true throughout Germany, and it is not to be wondered at that the national feeling has forced Prussia at last to take up the quarrel. That Germans should be treated as felons for educating their children in German, and be deprived of spiritual instruction in their mother tongue only a few miles from the frontier of Germany, is enough to arouse general indignation. But when the recollection is added that the people now oppressed only submitted to their oppressors at the instance of Germany, and that the tyranny is exercised in distinct contravention of an engagement to which Germany was a party, indignation at a national insult is added to that which is aroused by the ill-treatment of kinsmen. The Prussians are not only justified in using force, but they are bound by every consideration of honour to do so, if those whom they have led to trust them are thus injured. The task for Prussia is to make out that the facts on which she relies are really true. If they are true, every friend of justice and humanity will be glad to see her act with vigour and promptitude.

THE FRENCH IN SYRIA.

THE French expedition has accomplished its ostensible object by punishing or annoying the Druses, and by frightening the Turks. The whole of Western Asia has been reminded that the Power which once conquered Egypt has renewed the profession of Christianity which was suspended when General BONAPARTE declared himself a Mahometan. For any further demonstration the time seems scarcely propitious. The Suez Canal is languishing, the English alliance is still thought worthy of preservation, and the unexpected energy of FUAD PASHA shows that the sovereignty of the Porte is not wholly obsolete in Syria. The balance of profit and loss which may be expected from attempts at encroachment in the Levant was accurately estimated in the Emperor NAPOLEON's appeal to Lord PALMERSTON. It is doubtful whether France is strengthened by

the possession of Algeria, and the permanent occupation of Syria would be a burden and a source of weakness. The Christian sects which recognise a kind of French Protectorate are confined to some of the valleys of the Lebanon and to the towns on the coast; and, with the exception of their enemies of the Greek communion, they probably form the most worthless part of the population. In Asiatic Turkey Mahometanism is still the prevalent religion; and it would be impossible for a European Power to govern the country beyond the range of military occupation. On the whole, it is likely that either at the present moment or within a limited period the French army will be withdrawn. The precedent for interference in Turkish affairs which has been established may probably be thought a sufficient equivalent for the cost of the expedition. French vanity has been flattered by the display of power, and the POPE himself has extended to the enterprise the same gratifying approval which he awards to the more questionable demonstration of Gaeta. It is immaterial to inquire whether the tribes of the Lebanon are more likely to preserve the peace hereafter because one of their factions has enjoyed temporary triumph and revenge by foreign assistance. The clients of a great Power must be content if their private sufferings tend to promote the glory of their patron.

Any considerable delay in the evacuation of Syria would justify grave suspicions. It cannot be supposed that the French Government will continue to incur the expense of the occupation without some prospect of repayment. A claim on the Porte for remuneration would soon lead to a seizure of the local revenues; and, after a time, the Turkish loan which has lately been negotiated in Paris would furnish the means of a more permanent arrangement. The French capitalist who has secured a lien on several of the Turkish sources of income might easily be induced to transfer his rights to the Government, and English merchants would have to pay dues in Smyrna and in Beyrout to a French collector of customs. The transition to a complete assumption of sovereignty in Syria would be easy and rapid; nor would Russia fail to improve the example by a corresponding advance in European Turkey. The possibility of such a result may not have been put out of sight when the expedition was originally despatched from Toulon; but, in the absence of favouring circumstances, the feint will probably not be converted into a real attack. The test of the Emperor NAPOLEON's sincerity will consist in his abstinence from meddling with the Turkish revenues. His own finances will scarcely bear a long continuance of gratuitous intervention in Syria.

It is fair to admit that the restless policy of the BONAPARTE dynasty is inherited, like many of their maxims of government, from the ancient Monarchy. LOUIS XIV. anticipated NAPOLEON in his busy and turbulent ambition, as well as in his administrative despotism at home. M. DE TOCQUEVILLE has shown that the Consular and Imperial centralization was framed on the model of the provincial system which existed before the Revolution; and in the same manner it would be found that the Empire, with its system of dependent kingdoms, was an enlarged copy of the BOURBON family alliance. LOUIS XIV., like his great successor, protected the petty princes of Western Germany, while he established his own dynasty in Spain and in Italy. During the succeeding century, the Monarchy concealed its real decline by adherence to the same tradition; and English history is full of the well-founded alarms and suspicions which were always interrupting or threatening the peace of Europe. The great struggle which afterwards arose has thrown into oblivion the feeling of satisfaction with which the early attacks on the despotism of LOUIS XVI. were originally regarded in England. The KING who was afterwards converted into a martyr by the brutal injustice of his enemies, had a few years before, in conjunction with his Spanish kinsman, taken the occasion of the American rebellion to attempt the ruin of England. Even on the eve of the Revolution his Ministers were engaged in intrigues for the suppression of Dutch independence, which were only defeated by the menacing firmness of PITT. When the National Assembly began to tamper with the Royal prerogative, English statesmen of all parties exulted in the hope that Europe might at last repose from the projects of BOURBON ambition; and, to the last, GEORGE III., who embodied in himself all the patriotic prejudices of his countrymen, looked coldly on the exiled representatives of a dynasty which had always been hostile to his own. It is curious to remember that, as late as 1787, the French Ministers offered to renounce

their rivalry for influence in India on condition that England should resign, in favour of France, her pretensions to political and commercial supremacy in the Levant. Mr. PITT's request for an explanation of the meaning of the proposal remained without an answer in consequence of the complications in Holland, and of the internal catastrophe which commenced two years later.

The practical inference from the analogy between the conduct of the BOURBONS and that of the BONAPARTES is in some degree reassuring. The agitation which LOUIS XIV. and his successors habitually cultivated wasted the resources by which it was maintained. Through the whole of the eighteenth century, France, notwithstanding external appearances, was constantly sinking more deeply into financial difficulties, and the Revolution originated in an unsuccessful attempt to avert impending bankruptcy. NAPOLEON evaded the difficulty which had hampered former Sovereigns by organizing a gigantic system of plunder for the support of his military establishments. The contributions which he levied from foreign countries must have largely exceeded the amount of public debt which led to the convocation of the States-General. His own country felt the cost of his ambition rather in the drain on the population than in the increased pressure of taxes. The treasury of the army, which depended exclusively on extortions practised in foreign countries, enabled him, during the greater part of his reign, to keep his domestic finances in order. His celebrated historian accordingly admires his fiscal capacity as much as the military genius which alone provided him with the means of solvency.

In the present generation, systematic Imperial robbery is happily obsolete. During the Lombard campaign, as well as in the Crimea, the French army was legitimately supported from the national resources; yet, although the French revenue is unprecedentedly flourishing, it furnishes no surplus applicable to a war budget. All the military operations of the Second Empire have been exclusively paid for by loans, and although the customs will, under the influence of recent reforms, become considerably more productive, no probable increase of income will be more than sufficient to meet the large additions which have already been made to the annual charge for interest. More than two years ago, the increase of the French debt since 1848 amounted to 120,000,000*l.* About half of the augmentation was due to the expenses of the Crimean war, while sixty millions had been absorbed by the demands of the ordinary administration. The Italian war cannot have added less than thirty millions, and under the modern system of borrowing, all the Imperial loans have been contracted at a rate exceeding the market price of money. It would be unreasonable to assume that so rich a country as France is unable to bear a liability which still only equals half the National Debt of England; but in half a century the English debt has been to some extent reduced, while the French debt has been subjected to a threefold or fourfold increase. The burden is not rendered intolerable by the abuses and inequalities which prevailed before the Revolution, but there is also no longer a mine of profitable reform to be found in the abolition of corrupt privileges. The expeditions to Syria and to China will, notwithstanding the assurances of the *Moniteur*, ultimately cause an addition either to the floating or to the funded debt; nor is it easy to believe that the cost of the constant additions to the army and navy is covered by the regular income.

History is not likely to repeat itself in a collapse of another French dynasty under financial pressure. The remote prospect of embarrassment will furnish a better security for European peace than the convulsions of actual insolvency. Costly ostentation of the national greatness may occasionally strengthen the hold of the EMPEROR on France, but the actual power of the State is more effectually increased by judicious economy than by warlike demonstrations. It is probable that an able sovereign will discover, before it is too late, the inevitable tendency of an ambitious policy; and peaceable foreigners may comfort themselves with the alternative assurance that France will become either wiser or weaker. Whenever there is a real desire to dispense with ostentatious superfluities, Syria will furnish one of the most obvious opportunities of retrenchment. The expedition is in itself costly, and the occupation, if it is prolonged, will produce unfriendly relations with England, differences or compromising alliances with Russia, and a general necessity for the increase of armaments which are already extravagant. There will be sufficient employment for French energies in dealing with the complications which are about to arise in every corner of Europe.

THE STATE OF THE MONEY MARKET.

A WEEK ago we referred to the opinion universally current in commercial circles that the trade of this country was in a thoroughly sound condition. No symptom to the contrary has yet appeared, but the accuracy of the judgment is about to be put to the severest possible test. Commerce is not altogether flourishing across the Channel, and it would be very strange if it were, after a year of political uncertainty like that which has just expired without giving any very solid grounds for believing that the EMPEROR has exhausted the store of startling surprises by which he keeps up his prestige. As a necessary consequence, the Bank of France, with its narrow margin of gold and its unmanageable reserve of silver, has experienced a renewal of pressure which had been very generally anticipated here. Thus far nothing has happened to cause the least surprise, and it is a matter for sincere congratulation that the managers of the Paris Bank have followed the wise example of their brethren in London, and encountered a threatening drain by the only possible preventive—a rise in the price of accommodation. This is a better state of things than we had any right to expect, but the course of exchange with America has proved somewhat more unfavourable than had been anticipated. No commercial failures have yet been reported from the other side of the Atlantic; but the political convulsion seems by the last advices to have passed into a more hopeless stage than had been expected, and the financial and commercial pressure, which was thought to be declining, has proved sufficient to draw a large amount of bullion out of the cellars of the Bank of England. These are the sole causes of the recent additions to the Bank rate of discount, and we can contemplate without dismay their influence upon English trade. In any case it is impossible that a severe pressure should exist in America without its effect being felt in England, and to some extent in France. With an importunate borrower offering—as America will offer, if the disruption panic continues—enormous rates of interest, the price of accommodation cannot but be increased in England. France, both from its own necessities and from the influence of the United States upon its commerce, will help to maintain the demand for gold. But, if nothing more than this is to be feared, we may look forward to the next few weeks as a very excellent time for the holders of available funds, without the least apprehension that a high rate of interest will prove the precursor of a commercial crisis. Trade may for the time become less remunerative in consequence of a scarcity of capital, but there is no instance on record of any serious disturbance having been produced otherwise than by one of two causes. The first of these is previous rottenness in the condition of trade—the other is senseless panic.

In addition to what we have already said to show that there is no reason to believe trade to be in an unsound condition, we may state that the reports of all who are generally best informed on the subject are reinforced by the well-known fact that the purgation of a great crisis has never yet failed to keep commerce in a wholesome frame for a much longer period than has elapsed since the crash of 1857. Reasonable men will, therefore, rely with confidence upon the sound basis on which our trade is believed to rest; and, apart from panic, there is scarcely a possibility of anything more than temporary inconvenience being felt as the consequence of the drain of bullion which American and French demands may occasion. Firms of good repute and solid position are not ruined by having to pay twice as much as usual for the discount of their bills. In 1857, the strong fell with the weak, because the alarm which was then felt rendered it in many instances practically impossible to obtain discount on any terms. But universal suspicion does not arise without a cause, and there is no ground for supposing that anything exists at present at all resembling the excessive, and often dishonest, speculation of which the crisis of 1857 was the necessary catastrophe. Still it is impossible not to remember that a groundless panic may do almost as much mischief as a well-warranted suspicion. When fear takes the place of reason, the operation of economical laws is at once suspended. The whole system of credit, the machinery of the currency, and the administration of the Bank of England, are all based upon the assumption that an increase in the price of anything will check the demand for it. By raising the rate of discount, the Directors of the Bank would be certain of controlling the outward flow of bullion if only they could be safe against the unreasoning panic which makes the enhancement of the current rates an

additional motive for seeking accommodation. The conviction of the soundness of trade is so general, and apparently so well-founded, that it may be hoped that a rational view of affairs will be generally taken, that the applications to the Bank will be confined to those to whom discount, even at seven per cent., is a necessity, and that a mere pressure will not be made serious by a general rush to provide against the probability of matters becoming worse. There is no such probability to be detected at present, and it is certain that if the mercantile community maintain their present quiet attitude, there will always be money forthcoming for those who may be forced to seek it at whatever rate of discount may prevail. The one thing hitherto wanting to make the action of the Currency laws perfect has been calmness and confidence in the face of apparent difficulties. Traders have hitherto proved themselves but half disciplined in their own vocation. They, of all men, should have faith in the principles by which they live; and it will be a great gain if a few occasional drains, like that which is now going on, should help to accustom them to regard the prevalence of a high rate of discount with a little more calmness than they have sometimes shown. It is in their power now, or at any other time, to throw everything into confusion by merely assuming that we are on the eve of a catastrophe, and so acting on that assumption as to realize their own predictions. But it is equally in their power to prove how easily society can bear a trifling pressure, if only it is held together by mutual confidence. If the City maintains the belief which it now manifests that there will be no crisis, there will be none. If it indulges in weak forebodings, and resorts to frantic expedients to stave off imaginary dangers, it may very possibly convert a momentary disorder into a serious calamity. We do not anticipate the conduct which we are so anxious to deprecate, not merely because sound principles are daily gaining a stronger footing, but because there is absolutely nothing in the condition of trade to afford a pretext for the alarm which is itself the only danger to be apprehended. The most excitable of human beings cannot be thrown into a state of panic without at least a more or less plausible pretext to start it. There is happily no such pretext now, and in its absence we may fairly hope that a sound trade, supported by unbroken confidence, will carry us with little inconvenience through any American or French crisis which may be before us.

Even in this we are taking the gloomiest view of matters, for it is by no means certain that the monetary derangement in the United States will keep pace with their political dissensions. A decided tendency to accommodate itself to existing circumstances has already been exhibited by the market of New York, and it is quite possible that a people who can revolutionize their institutions almost without a pretext may learn how to keep their commercial affairs aloof from the excitement of the political crisis. This is doubtless problematical, and whatever may happen in America will certainly be felt here, but no serious commercial trouble can reach us unless invited by unsound speculation or groundless panic, neither of which has yet made its appearance.

THE BLUNDERS OF BENEVOLENCE.

THE old complaint of the mismanagement of charitable associations is beginning to be heard again. The tendency to jobbery, and that constitutional dislike of audits which seems inseparable from the consciousness of having other people's money to give away, will probably continue to impede benevolent undertakings so long as they are managed by large committees. The same easy temper of mind which enables a man to sit through the discussions of a charitable committee gives him a large-hearted and genial contempt for audits and other checks against dishonesty, and jobbery is the inherent vice of numerous bodies of electors entrusted with the power of electing to offices of profit. What large constituencies can do in this respect the Universities occasionally show us on a grand scale. The only remedy will be, according to the fashion of the day, to submit all the office-bearers of charitable associations to a competitive examination. Candidates for the place of committee men should be examined as to their capacity for sitting several hours at a long table, with their hands folded doing nothing, and wearing a serious expression of countenance. Secretaries would have to be examined generally in their capacity for unctuous eloquence, and would be selected according to their ability to construct the most affecting appeal out of the slenderest materials. It might be expedient also that they should be questioned upon the laws of honour as applied to the subject of vouchers and receipts, and should be required to exhibit the

form of letter in which they would resent the insult of an application for those degrading instruments. Auditors should be examined as to the various forms of checking accounts applicable to the respective cases of a patron; a friend, an acquaintance, and an enemy.

But the errors of benevolence are by no means confined to abuse of patronage or unlimited trust in secretaries. That want of the sterner element of business-like habit and knowledge of the world which some men will call innocence, and others greenness, produces far graver evils than mere waste of money. It is apt to encourage hypocrisy and vice. What, for instance, is likely to be the practical working of the society which introduces its difficulties to the world in the following advertisement:—

SPECIAL APPEAL on behalf of the LONDON AGED CHRISTIAN SOCIETY, established 1846, for the Permanent Relief of the *decidedly* Christian Poor of the age of 65 years and upwards, Resident within five miles of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Committee are compelled by the urgency of the case to appeal to the Christian public for aid to raise a fund to enable them to replace the amount of income lost by the lapse of the Long Annuities, which terminated last year, and in which several legacies had been invested. The loss to the Society by the failure of the above source of income is not less than 75*l.* a year.

We will not dwell on the *naïveté* of the Society's account of its operations in Long Annuities. The termination of those securities has evidently come upon them wholly by surprise. They speak of their losses "by the failure of the above sources of income," as they might speak of losses by the failure of the harvest or of some promising speculation—a mysterious Providential decree, the consequences of which they may fairly call upon the benevolent to help them in averting. But our complaint is not of their finance, but of their professed object. What do they expect to be the result of offering relief exclusively to "decided Christians?" Competitive examinations are undoubtedly the rage, but this competition of decisive Christianity beats anything that has yet been attempted in this line. How do they distinguish between a decided and an undecided Christian? Is it the length of the face? Or is there an inimitable snuffle which an experienced Secretary recognises at first hearing? Do the candidates for a certificate of decisive Christianity give in a return of their attendances at church, distinguishing the days on which they kept awake through the sermon? Or are they made to confide their experiences to the Secretary's private ear, he marking "regenerate" and "unregenerate" against their names, according to circumstances? Generally it is young ladies of the scrupulous age—seventeen to twenty-five—who pour these gushing confidences into the clerical bosom; in which cases, no doubt, they must be very refreshing to a chastened spirit. But from elderly paupers of more than sixty-five years of age we should think it would be insipid. Besides, as the usual tests of regeneracy—abstinence from pink ribbons, dancing, and playing—are not applicable to these poor old folks, it must be difficult even for the most experienced vessel to decide whether they are in a state of justification or not. But, whatever the Secretary's shibboleth may be, or that of the clergyman to whom he trusts, we are very certain that it must produce a crop of hypocrisy out of all proportion to the hunger it relieves. The set of poor women who go to Church regularly in consideration of the weekly dole of soup from the parsonage are very apt to be the worst characters in the parish. Madame de Maintenon thought she would convert the French court by reserving the Royal favour exclusively for "decided Christians," and the result was, that she trained up the generation who were the boon-companions of Dubois. The experience of pious parsonesses as to the expediency of reinforcing the promises of the Beatitudes by promises of weekly soup, generally coincides with the experience of Madame de Maintenon.

Another curious instance of the inconceivable simplicity of mind which characterizes the benevolent world is the mode in which it is the fashion to attempt the evangelization of the Social Evil. There is a perfect *furor* just now for the reclamation of these interesting creatures. A considerable proportion of the charitable schemes which crowd the advertising columns of the *Times* are projects of one kind or another for Christianizing the Magdalens. In itself this is a very noble aspiration—all the more noble that it is not very likely to be realized, except on the very smallest scale. It has all the romantic grandeur which belonged to Canon Townshend's expedition to Rome for the purpose of Protestantizing the Pope. The only thing we object to is the mode in which it is to be done. The Magdalens are to be made devout by exactly the same process as that which is to manufacture "decided Christians" in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. The soup-conversions, the invariable refuge of proselytists in despair, meet us here again. The Refuges and Penitentiaries are undoubtedly places in which the best spiritual instruction is offered to the Magdalen; but they are also places which present the more carnal attractions of good clothing, warm fires, plenty to eat and drink, and skilful medical attendance. The hope is that the Magdalen will come to eat, and, like the pickpocket in the story, remain to pray. Theologians have divided, with exact science, the various modes in which religious anxieties are re-awakened in hearts that have lost them; but they have omitted to include the prospect of a good supper in the catalogue. Of course, reports differ as to the degrees of success which this mode of propagating the Gospel attains—some putting it at zero, and some at boiling-point. But it is not to be wondered at if many

of the Magdalens treat the Penitentiaries as a sort of paddock, in which they can turn themselves out to grass for a time whenever their health begins to suffer or their trades lacken. This, however, is not the only evil. If it were, we should simply have to regret that so many estimable people were wasting their money in chasing such a will-o'-the-wisp. But it has a terrible tendency to foster the vice against which it professes to contend. Those who devote themselves so earnestly to minister to the Magdalen forget that there are thousands of maids-of-all-work in London who are not unobservant spectators of the favours lavished on their erring sisters. Let them try to look at the Penitentiary system from the point of view of a maid-of-all-work, who drudges from morning to night for half-a-crown a-week and her keep. She knows companions of her youth, no richer than herself, who flaunt up and down the street, dressed, as she thinks, like any lady, enjoying unlimited freedom and unlimited gin. Naturally, she thinks this is pleasanter than ten hours' ceaseless scrubbing, and is strongly tempted to adopt the vocation which leads to such results. The only thing that comes in aid of her principles to deter her is, that she has heard that it often ends, after a few years, in broken health, destitution, and an early death in the workhouse. But the acquaintances who are urging her to do as they have done, are easily able to pacify her alarms on this head. A number of religious gentlemen have kindly removed all difficulties of this kind. They have provided a sort of Chelsea Hospital for the disabled of the profession, in which her vocation can be laid aside whenever it ceases to pay; so that she need trouble herself with no fears of the death in the workhouse. With principle on the one side, and every earthly advantage on the other, we leave the philanthropists to judge which is likely to carry off the victory. It is no theory, but a mournful fact, that the contrast between the care lavished on the wicked and the neglect which is the lot of the innocent works deep and terrible results in the hearts of the class from whom first the pavement, and then the penitentiaries, are recruited.

But the mania goes on merrily. It has risen from point to point till it has culminated in the midnight meetings in St. James's Hall. There is something exquisitely thoughtful and refined in this last attention to the wants of an interesting class. There was something gross and vulgar in the beef and mutton and coals which were the bald attractions held out by the penitentiaries. The imagination requires food as well as the body. Woman has social instincts which are cultivated in every class of the community, and from the gratification of which the Magdalens ought not to be excluded. Some women satisfy it by going to evening parties—others, more precise and demure, content themselves with missionary meetings. Which species of entertainment the Magdalens, as a body, would prefer, is, in the present imperfect state of knowledge with respect to them, difficult to ascertain. It was resolved, therefore, to give them an evening party and a missionary meeting all in one. The most beautiful hall in London was hired, and, in order to suit their peculiar habits, was advertised to open at midnight. When midnight came, the brilliantly-lighted hall was opened, and the fair guests flocked in, some of them in costumes so elegant that an enterprising publisher has since thought it worth his while to give them to the world. Conversation flowed freely, tea and buttered toast were handed round—the most ethereal form of victuals in which a spiritual call could possibly be disguised—and several gentlemen, renowned for their oratorical powers, contributed to the entertainment of the evening. We see that the promoters of the *r  union* declare that it was a complete success; and we thoroughly believe them. Those who happened to pass through Regent-street in the small hours just after any one of the entertainments was closed will entirely confirm their boast. It had obviously been a success. The street was full of lively groups; and the gentle subjects who had just been preached at were animated, we had almost said frisky, in their spirits, and more than affable in their bearing. The experiment so triumphantly made is likely to become an institution. It appears that a succession of "midnight meetings" of a still more brilliant character are contemplated for the present year. There is only one thing now wanting to their complete success. If Magdalens are remarkable for anything, it is for a proper reverence for the aristocratic institutions of our country. The promoters of Penitentiaries have felt this so strongly that they have founded a kind of hierarchy of refugees, so that penitents may be accommodated according to their birth, and miserable sinners of a higher class may not be contaminated by having to weep in company with miserable sinners of a lower. We recommend the promoters of the midnight meetings to do something towards satisfying this laudable instinct. Is there no way of putting their entertainments under fashionable patronage? Can they not have a "respectable" midnight meeting, like the "respectable" night at the analogous institution of Cremorne two years ago? It would draw enormously. Fashionable ladies would eagerly throng—as they did to Cremorne—to enjoy the excitement of standing about, laughing, talking, and drinking tea in the very places in which the *demi monde* were in the habit of doing the same thing. And then they might keep up the illusion by having the same orators to address them; and, if they liked it, the very same sermons too. It would be quite as *piquant* as Cremorne. Nor would its results be an unimportant gain to the good cause. Very few Magda-

lens would like to be out of the fashion; and those who were strong-minded enough to resist the fascinations of buttered toast and damatory eloquence would come when they heard that duchesses had set the example.

SKATING, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SKATING is, perhaps, the only amusement the full fruition of which is confined to the upper classes. There is no pursuit so purely idle, and gay, and aristocratic. To skate well requires long practice; and opportunities of practice are in the hands of those only who can dispose of part of their time at pleasure. In the metropolis, it is true, there are very few of the middle classes who are unable to afford an occasional afternoon in the parks; but the gift of cutting figures is never innate, and its development requires many days and much patience. Hence, as a general rule, gentlemen alone skate well, and at present our oldest skaters are certainly not our worst. The crowd who assemble at the margin of the lake to applaud the mystic grace of a "serpent," or the easy audacity of a "back entire," declare for the most part that the young men are prodigies of elegance, but that the heroes of former days are still as unsurpassed as ever. This constant practice, and the superior quality of material, are the only advantages which one class has over another; and yet there is hardly a district in the skating world where the lower orders think it worth while, even where ice and time abound, to make the most of their opportunities, and cultivate good skating for its own sake.

The country which arrogates to itself more than any other the title of a "nation of skaters" is Holland. This is not due to a very low winter temperature, for the average reading of the thermometer is not much lower at Amsterdam than at London; but the semi-aquatic character of the whole country, with its system of canals, far more extensive than the necessities of communication involve, gives larger facilities for skating than any region of a like climate enjoys. It is strange that Englishmen should so seldom visit Holland in winter. Weather is never certain, but it is less variable on the Continent than in England; and the absence of an encompassing Gulf-stream will sometimes just make the difference of temperature which will allow the ice to bear. The wet and thaw of Monday week presented itself in Holland in the shape of rain which froze as fast as it came down, enveloping every twig and roof, and even every blade of grass, with an icy coating half an inch in thickness. Those who are not likely to travel in the Arctic regions, and cannot command at home twenty or thirty miles of ice in any direction they wish, would sometimes do well to explore scenes wonderfully picturesque, and full, if the season do but favour them, of grand opportunities for the exercise which is *par excellence* "exhilarating." The chief deterring reason lies in the difficulty of transit. Even if twenty hours at sea were agreeable at Christmas time, the Rotterdam navigation is nevertheless impossible when the frost has once set in, and the long circuit by Antwerp and Dordrecht is tiresome in the extreme. Still, from the moment of entering Holland, everything is new. For example, the first stage from the point where the railroad terminates is a steam-boat passage of one or two miles, across, and partly along, one of the wide channels by which the Meuse finds its way to the sea. Moerdijk—or, as spelt by the natives, Moerdijk—is the starting-point, and conveys a strange picture to any one who does not happen to have made the North-west passage. There is a little harbour, with some sheds, and a few colliers imprisoned in their winter quarters, all shrouded in snow; and it is just possible to view from the steamer the tops of the willows and limes. Further than this, there is nothing but the river to be seen. There are great masses of ice, piled upon one another like small icebergs—thick, strong packs of ice, sweeping down with the stream, and marring the hope of transit—fresh ice, frozen since last night, smooth and sharp and ubiquitous. Presently the voyage begins. The paddles have never ceased to turn, to keep the vessel from freezing to its place for the season; and now they revolve in earnest. First comes the new frozen surface of the night. The passengers and crew assemble on deck, and heel the boat on one side as soon as the difficulty begins. "Over!" cries the captain; and all trot across to the other side of the deck. Again the signal is repeated, and they cross again, and run backwards and forwards till the passage clears. Then, perhaps, a great "floe"—if such be the correct expression—appears ahead, with no inlet at all. A minute, and the boat is into it, with a noise like a shipwreck; and like a shipwreck, too, is the crushing of the frozen mass, the straining of the vessel, the hollow grinding of its side against the floating enemy, till at last, by swaying and steaming, after long patience and hard rubs, the little voyage is over for the day, and the traveller betakes himself to his miserable diligence till the next and almost stranger *traject* at Dort.

Any one who expects to see in Holland the realization of all the skating pictures with which our galleries teem, will be greatly disappointed. In the first place, travelling by means of skates is, though common, far from universal. Often two or three men and women may be seen going to or returning from the nearest village, on the business of the day; but in the most civilized parts of the country, railways have in great measure superseded the ice, and in the least civilized there is no very ardent desire for travel. The positive ignorance which the peasants will display about the direction of their canal, and its powers of bearing

is quite astonishing. Accordingly, the towns and hamlets on the route are always alive with skaters, but the intermediate tracts are often perfectly desolate. Again, the skating is not generally so good as we are accustomed to conceive. The refinements of figure-skating are so seldom practised, that it is possible to travel twenty miles and not come twice on the mark of an "eight," or witness the performance of a "three." A few of the simplest figures in the English *répertoire* will be sufficient to collect a crowd at Haarlem or Utrecht. The fact is, that much forward skating is inconsistent with an easy and graceful deportment. The chief ambition of the Dutch gentleman is that peculiar attitude so often represented in the paintings, in which the arms are crossed, the body is thrown forward, and, since it is forced over on the outside edge far more than with us, it follows that the leg which is not supporting the body must be thrown out wide to keep the balance true. The genuine English "roll," with the leg firm and straight, the body well upright, the hands by the side, and the pendent leg close in to its fellow, is hardly to be seen in Holland. The position of travelling has also something of the same type. In the "run" of the Dutch peasant, the body is quite in front of the feet, the knees are depended upon far too much, and the hands are freely worked. As far as a few days' experience will warrant a decision, we should be inclined to prefer, without hesitation, the posture of the English fen-skater. Both, no doubt, will strike from the foot, not the toe—indeed, it is impossible to attain any great speed unless the actual push is made from the edge of the skate, and not by a slide of its forward part. But the skater at Ely and Wisbeach will hold his body as upright as at a dance, and his arms straight from shoulder to wrist, only moving the body massively, but not obliquely, to and fro, while the legs are darted out sideways with astonishing rapidity, the work being mainly done by the hips. We have never been fortunate enough to notice more than one day's skating in Holland before a strong wind, but we are very much mistaken if there are many men within a hundred miles of Amsterdam who could compete with the fen-skater in his half-mile burst at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

If, then, we affirm confidently that there is better skating at London and Paris than anywhere else in the world—that such displays as have been presented on the Serpentine during the past week could not be surpassed or equalled at St. Petersburg or Stockholm, at the Hague or Montreal—it is not an idle boast. If rope-dancing were equally fashionable and distinguished, we should soon become equal proficient in the art. We are richer, and can afford the time; and perhaps, too, from having less ice we prize it more. Russia and Sweden have their skating all the winter through. The Baltic may freeze over, and high-roads be formed across it, and sea be land for months together; but the poor people for the most part do not care to skate, and the nobles, with a few exceptions, do not care to skate well. Of course the shape of the instrument is of great importance, and here we are clearly superior. What can the skater of St. Petersburg do, with his iron two feet long, but lean over it and execute a push which may be just as effectual if the edge be half as long? In Holland the skate is not so extravagantly made; but if a nation will persist in wearing pieces of iron five inches beyond the foot, and sharp at the heel, it is hopeless to expect them to figure neatly or safely. There is, however, a great difference between the rich and poor. Among the latter, an English skate creates an interest quite unaccountable; and the absence of the clumsy beak, and the simple contrivance of the screw—now, after all, abandoned by the revolutionists of the Skating Club—fill them with boundless wonder. The common skate of the country is fastened in a way which is worth mentioning for its simplicity. Instead of a heel-strap there is a loop of cord, which is not fastened in front, but remains behind the foot. At the front there is one strap passing through the wood; the end of this is thrown across the foot, and passed through the loop before spoken of; it then is brought across the instep, again catches the same loop at the other side of the foot, thus drawing it tight, and once more crosses the foot to join its own buckle. This, with a slight notching in the heel, hardly sufficient to enter the leather, is the only ligature that is thought necessary; and it certainly has the merit of a very rapid adjustment. In the larger towns, however, the English fashion is generally adopted, though the rounded heel has hardly made its appearance yet.

There is, of course, much in Holland besides the skating which is worth seeing. Few will come away without treasured memories of the two great galleries of art, or without a vivid recollection of the quaint sights and sounds of the cities. There are the sledges gaudily tricked out, half arm-chair half rocking-horse—the bells playing the hours like musical-boxes—the scenes at the road-side inns, where the vrow will busy herself about the tea, or cut petrified cabbage for what can hardly be culinary objects, and the children, wrapped into globularity, will do their best to make themselves generally useless; while the good man of the house will fold his arms with an air of profound satisfaction, and evidently consider his part as played to the full if he lend to the arrangements that patronage and protecting supervision which is so indispensable to a well-ordered and solid household. But it is of the ice and of skating that we are speaking at present. A casual winter visit has—not dangers, indeed, as in the snowstorms on the Norway fiords, but a few hardships, and those mixed with amusement. The system of canals is very perfect for purposes of

touring; the chief hotels are all good, if it were not for damp beds; the language is a stumbling-block in the country districts, but English, and still more French, is widely spread in the towns. If any English amateur is tired of the Serpentine, and is strong enough in constitution to bear a little more roughing than usual—if he can contemplate cheerfully the water freezing on the panels of his railway-carriage when it is full of passengers, with the sun shining in at the windows—if he does not mind the possibility of spending an hour on a river in a snow-storm, working a boat across and over the ice by dint of pole and hook—if he is content to take the chance of finding himself some evening benighted on a canal which leads he does not know where, with ice of doubtful security, while an easterly tempest is numbing his fingers, blinding his eyes, covering him from head to foot with ice, and drifting the loose snow across his path—or of retiring for shelter in the smallest of inns, with the hope of half a damp Dutch bed, and the alternative of a stretch by the public stove—he will not be unrewarded for his adventurous fortitude. He will earn the experience of a new strange land in a garb in which few other lands can be seen, and perhaps reap that most delightful of all mortal joys—a free roll from very side to side of a broad sheet of water, the wind blowing fair from behind, with the ice as firm as marble and as smooth as glass.

A STORY OF ETIQUETTE.

THE refinements of diplomatic etiquette in Europe were once upon a time carried to almost as extravagant a pitch as Chinese punctilio itself. Long after the days of Sir John Finett courtesy was meted out to the various members of diplomatic circles according to the power and influence of the nation which each respectively represented. The ambassadors of Savoy, as in duty bound, used to quarrel with the envoys of Florence for precedence. Cardinal Richelieu, to solve difficult problems of relative dignity, took to his bed, and received the English negotiators in an attitude which compromised nobody. French ambassadors found themselves prevented by a sudden fit of ague from attending masks where the Spanish representative was to have the first place. In our own country, disputes between Venetian, Spaniard, Dutch, and French legations fully occupied the time of one rather bewildered Master of the Ceremonies. Only the Muscovite Ambassador was left out of the pale of social consideration. That functionary did not then hold in Europe the position he now fills. He was regarded as a person who knew little about the great science of etiquette, and who might safely be imposed upon. Even the courtly Sir John Finett seems to have treated him at the English Court with that good-humoured contempt which beams in the eye of a bishop's footman as he surveys a host of banqueting curates. On one occasion the Russian, exhibiting more susceptibility than could have been expected, complained that, at his reception, only one lord was in waiting to receive him at the stair's-head. Sir John's answer, for an impromptu, was amusing enough. He gravely assured his Excellency that in England it was considered a greater honour to be received by one lord in waiting than by two.

Diplomatic etiquette is not, of course, now what it was then; but it is still a science, and naturally a science of some nicety. Countries which are governed constitutionally, and whose Sovereign is not personally mixed up in political disputes, stand less in need of the science, it is true; although, so long as the Sovereign is the personage in whose name business is transacted, it may still be conventional to mark coolness in international relations by a temporary withdrawal of the personal favour of the Court. But on the Continent, where the monarch in person directs the policy of his Cabinet, the case is different. Minute shades of policy are properly indicated by minute distinctions of manner and cordiality at court balls, at state receptions, and at Royal or Imperial banquets. If Napoleon III. frowns on the Austrian ambassador on January 1, he means to let the world know that France and Austria may possibly be at war before the spring. If Francis Joseph and the Emperor of Russia talk much and warmly over a friendly dinner, we infer that the fate of Hungary is in the balance. There are some countries whose foreign policy is often notoriously the result of the personal feelings and predilections of the reigning monarch. Where that is the case, the tones of his voice, or the play of the muscles of his face upon great occasions become matters of real consequence, as they are the index of the temper of a man whose temper is a subject of as much interest in the political as the weather is in the domestic world. There is one nation pre-eminently whose policy previously to the Crimean war for many years was decided by the private piques, inclinations, and prejudices of her ruler. That nation is Russia. On the other hand, it happens that French politics, during a similar period, have turned mainly upon questions of dynasty. It is accordingly in the history of the relations between the Courts of St. Petersburg and Paris during the last forty years that we should expect to find, if anywhere, battles of diplomatic etiquette. In a contemporary French review, M. Guizot last week published a diplomatic correspondence which contains the account of a curious quarrel between France and Russia in 1842. The story is amusing, and well deserves the perusal of all who wish to know how an international coolness may be brought about by means of a diplomatic cold. If Sir John Finett had lived till now he would have been pleased

to see the Muscovite, whom he considered a mere novice in etiquette, hold his own so ably against the envoys of that polite nation from whom Sir John borrowed the principles of his ingenious code.

Dissatisfied at the changes that had taken place in France in 1830, the Emperor Nicholas for eleven years had treated Louis Philippe with offensive coolness and hauteur. In his letters he consistently abstained from addressing the French King by the conventional title of *Monsieur mon frère*, which it was his custom to employ in similar communications. Finally, at the close of 1841, the Russian Ambassador, whose business it would otherwise become through the indisposition of Count Appony, the Austrian representative, to address the King on the first day of the new year as the spokesman of the Corps Diplomatique, received a significant recall. The patience of the French Cabinet was exhausted by this unmistakable slight, and M. Guizot addressed a letter to M. Casimir Périer, *chargé d'affaires* at St. Petersburg, from which we reprint the following extract:—

Monsieur le Comte de Pahlen a reçu l'ordre fort inattendu de se rendre à St. Petersburg. . . . La cause réelle, qui n'est un mystère pour personne, c'est que par suite de l'absence de M. le Comte Appony, l'ambassadeur de Russie se trouvait appelé à complimenter le roi, le premier jour de l'an, au nom du corps diplomatique. . . . Une seule réponse nous convient. Le jour de la Saint-Nicholas, la légation française à St. Petersburg restera fermée dans son hôtel. Vous n'aurez à donner aucun motif sérieux pour expliquer cette retraite inaccoutumée. Vous vous bornerez en répondant à l'invitation que vous recevrez sans doute de M. de Nesselrode, à alléguer une indisposition. . . . Jusqu'au 18 Décembre, vous garderez sur l'ordre que je vous donne, le silence le plus absolu. Et d'ici là vous éviterez avec le plus grand soin la moindre altération dans vos rapports avec le cabinet de St. Petersburg.

In due time M. Casimir Périer received the order by the courier's hands to whom it had been entrusted, and preserved it a profound secret till the 18th of December, the day of the fête of St. Nicholas. He then faithfully carried it into execution. For forty-eight hours the entire French Legation, without a single exception, were confined to their hotel by indisposition. Not a man appeared out of doors even for the Emperor's ball on the day after. The consternation produced in the capital was considerable. The Emperor himself was furious, and in a burst of passion resolved, so ran the story, to suppress the Russian embassy at Paris. Finally, he determined to revenge himself in a more indirect but equally telling way. The cue was given to the leaders of the fashionable world, and from the 18th of December, the French Legation found itself put under ban. Nobody came to call. Nobody invited Madame Périer to dinner. Lastly, all who had already issued invitations sent at the last moment to say their parties were suddenly, unavoidably, and indefinitely postponed. The war being nominally one of social etiquette, business was as usual transacted between the embassy and the Russian Government. But for all festive purposes M. Périer and his suite found themselves under an interdict. Even a young Russian who paid his compliments to Madame Périer at the theatre received an official intimation that loyalty was not to be sacrificed to politeness. At an official ball, at which M. Périer thought it his duty to appear in virtue of his uniform, he found himself the centre of cold looks. Lastly, at Paris, on the first of January, indisposition attacked a fresh victim in the person of M. de Kisselef, who, during the absence of Count Pahlen, was left in charge of the Russian embassy. He was quite unable to appear at the King's reception, and remained at home all day.

Meantime, at St. Petersburg the situation of affairs was very gloomy. At all Court balls the Embassy of course were present, and the Emperor and Empress showed no lack of personal courtesy towards them. "Comment ça va-t-il depuis que nous ne nous sommes vus?" he says on one occasion, good-humouredly, to M. Périer; "ça va mieux n'est-ce pas?" But a general suspension of hospitalities was still the order of the day. Previously to the rupture, M. Périer and his lady had been popular enough. Suddenly they were excluded from all society. During eight months of solitude, the sense of his abandoned position preyed upon the soul of the deserted son of France. He endeavoured to bear the misfortune of the general stoppage of entertainments like a man, and to prevent Madame Périer from bearing it like a woman. During this part of the crisis, his letters to M. Guizot are tinged with delicate pathos. They are the letters of a man who suffers, but who suffers for his country. To be deprived of balls is sad, but to maintain dignity intact is sweet. What became of the junior members of the Embassy since the day when they had with cheerfulness partaken of the indisposition of their chief, is not recorded. Doubtless they became gloomy and misanthropical, and neglected their personal appearance in a way sufficient to alarm their friends. Even M. Guizot, in his epistles from Paris, shares the general melancholy. He consoles his bereaved countryman in the tone of a man who has a heart, and can sympathize with the persecuted. The end of M. Périer's expatriation was, however, at hand. Indisposition finally attacked one more victim—that victim was Madame Périer. The sad state of her health imperatively demanded a journey to Paris, and M. Périer solicited his recall. He obtained it, together with the cross of the Legion of Honour, and in course of time resigned his functions into the hands of M. d'André, second Secretary of Legation.

The ambassadors of France and of Russia meanwhile were both enjoying prolonged leave of absence from their respective posts. Neither would go back, until the other had gone back

first. The Emperor would not send M. de Pahlen to Paris, before M. de Barante had returned to St. Petersburg. Matters were in this situation at the moment of the unhappy death of the Duke of Orleans, which cast so deep a gloom over Europe. The Emperor of Russia exhibited, on the arrival of the sad news, all the feeling of a high-bred gentleman. A ball, which was to have been given the same night by the Grand Duchess Olga, was countermanded; and though he refused to write any autograph letter of condolence to Louis Philippe, he sent a very friendly message by a special courier to be transmitted through the Embassy at Paris. A personal congratulation to M. Guizot upon the oratorical successes he had achieved in the French Chambers, combined with a rather bitter allusion to his supposed private hostility to Russia, soon after entailed a correspondence between the two Cabinets, full of explanation and recrimination. Not much alteration took place in consequence. Neither ambassador returned to his post; and business was managed in each case by a *chargé d'affaires*. For the relief of the fairer portion of our readers, it is humane to mention that by the end of 1842, the French Legation, under the social banner of M. d'André, was once more admitted to the enjoyments of festive life. The political coolness lasted; but the social inconveniences, so terrible and so heartrending, to which it gave rise, passed away. A letter from M. de Guizot to the Count de Flahault, the French representative at Vienna, sums up the moral of the whole:—

Nous avons atteint notre but, et nous sommes parfaitement en règle. Officiellement, le Comte de Pahlen a été rappelé à Pétersbourg pour causer avec l'empereur; M. Casimir Périer a été malade le 18 Décembre, et M. de Kisselef le 1er Janvier. En réalité, l'empereur n'a pas voulu que M. de Pahlen complimentât le roi, et nous n'avons pas voulu que ce mauvais procédé passât inaperçu. De part et d'autre, tout est correct, et tout est compris. Les convenances extérieures ont été observées, et les intentions réelles senties. Cela nous suffit, et nous nous tenons pour quittes.

IMPULSIVENESS.

A PLEA has lately been made in behalf of the impulsive portion of society. A great number of persons long to do good and find no channels at hand. They are fettered by the rules, or cramped by the superintendence, of established societies, and ask for a new field and plenty of work. No one can fail to recognise the great gain which it is to England that this spirit should not only exist, but yearly increase in the country. Every decently right-thinking person loves to reform society, to abolish poverty, to redress all manner of abuses. Whatever folly or shortsighted enthusiasm there may be in this, there is excellent feeling, and very valuable material for long-sighted people to work on. But when the impulsive are marked out as a kind of injured class whom the old businesslike fogies are trying to keep down, it becomes worth while to estimate what is the value of impulsiveness generally, and what part it is capable of playing in the economy of the world.

It is an old remark, that the loungers of Bond-street became in a few weeks the heroes of the Peninsula. Directly strong excitement came and a serious call was made on their energies, they did the hardest work without complaint, and fought as bravely as the men they commanded, who had never had a good coat on their backs and had scarcely a sixpence beyond their pay. The consciousness that they could and would do likewise supports the self-respect of many who are dissatisfied with the frivolities and idleness of their life. A society which has no impulses, in time of critical pressure, towards what is great, and noble, and honourable, is a decaying society. The response of a generous public feeling to the call of duty and honour is the true sign that the nation is still alive. In England we have had such ample experience of the existence of this public spirit, that we always take it for granted. We know now, as a matter of certainty, that Englishmen will behave like the garrison of Lucknow, and that Englishwomen will behave like those by whom that garrison was nursed. There is also a vast amount of good and almost heroic feeling lying dormant throughout society, and ready for what are, in private life, great occasions. Many a woman who is not very amiable, or religious, or tender, will sit up night after night with a sick relation, or venture within the reach of contagion, in order to minister to those in need, or will abandon a pleasure in order to further a cause to which she is attached. Nothing is more curious than to see what a large reserve of this sort of accidental and buried goodness there is to be found in very trivial and disagreeable minds. Nor, as a great occasion continues, is there necessarily any falling off in the enthusiasm. An impulsive nature does not, as a general rule, feel inclined to falter and hesitate, so long as the occasion remains equally urgent, and the appeal to generosity and self-sacrifice continues equally direct and unmistakeable. The siege of Venice in 1849, for example, condemned a whole population to the last miseries of disease and famine. Yet no one lost heart or murmured. The appeal to the patriotism and honour of each individual never ceased, and so the enthusiasm continued. Some of the greatest and most memorable things that have ever been done in the world have been effected by a judicious appeal being made to the impulsiveness of large numbers.

There can, therefore, be no doubt that when the impulsiveness of English society is set to devise and carry out a new form of charitable ministration, a very great agency is called into play. It is an agency that we know to exist abundantly in England, and it is an agency which, under certain circumstances, is capable

of being not only set but kept in motion. Many causes have lately tended to set it in motion. Statistics of all kinds have revealed the existence, the habits, and the wants of masses of human beings who in former days were conveniently forgotten. Sounder views of morality have taught the obligations of wealth. The tendency of physical inquiry has been to foster the notion of examining everything on a large scale. And the increasing habit of co-operating in societies to effect every kind of object has made a system of general action on abuses and evils of all sorts seem possible. It is hard to say where we are to stop when we begin to enumerate the causes that have led to philanthropy busying itself with the largest area it can find. Literature has goaded on its votaries to be leaders of labour, and true kings of men. Railways and the penny post have brought every part of the nation into communication. The large number of persons with independent fortunes—all the set of old Indians, half-pay captains, and so forth—provide an adequate supply of chairmen and presidents for every sort of meeting. We seem suddenly to have awakened to the consciousness that everything on earth has yet to be done that ought to be done, and we are inspired with a hope, or perhaps a persuasion, that if we set about doing it, there will be no great difficulty. There is, therefore, an appeal made to the impulsiveness of society, which is great and direct enough to elicit a vast amount of enthusiasm. The field of exertion is vague, but it is vast, and its vastness is its attraction. Many good people, who, after being unconsciously subjected to the various influences of which we have spoken, are then brought face to face with some big project, really feel as strong a call, and as strong an impulse to meet that call, as if they lived in Venice, and Venice had determined to resist Austria. But then there is nothing in the possibility of a vague field of charitable ministration, as there is in an actual siege, to keep impulsiveness in motion. In a siege there is community of public suffering, and this always draws people together, and strengthens their power of resistance. This is a constant appeal to all. At no moment is the necessity for patient endurance relaxed. But those who have an impulse to be charitable in England are not called upon to suffer but to act. Unless, therefore, there is something definite to do, they cannot keep up their impulsive energy.

But the very nature of the object which they aspire to attain keeps them from attaining it. The vastness of the thing to be done, which calls forth their enthusiasm, makes it hard to do anything. The state of the poor, if poverty is contemplated on a very large scale, is extremely perplexing. It is literally very difficult to do anything for them which were not better left undone. It is possible, but it is very hard. In the first place, the actual poor are not at all like the poor who exist in the imagination of impulsive people. They do not want what they are supposed to want, nor do they care for what they are supposed to care for. Then the consequences of any charitable ministration are so remote, so complicated, and so uncertain, that they can only be even guessed at by persons of long experience and practised powers of reflection. The science that has taught us how much there is still to be done in the world, also teaches us how fatal may be our mistakes, and how very powerless we are to do good. The great and permanent causes of poverty are beyond the control of man, and so are the long-formed habits, tastes, and wishes of the poor. Experience has, however, ascertained that there are some things which can be done safely, and of course whatever can be done safely ought to be done readily. But the manner of doing what can be done is very important, and few things, except the relief of accidental pain and succour given to persons actually starving, are so universally beneficial that no way of conferring the benefit can do much harm. Therefore reflection must in charity check impulse. But only a small proportion of impulsive people can bear to be checked. Their impulses die away directly if they have difficulties to encounter. They either abandon their plans altogether or let them sink into pieces of useless machinery. There is indeed a very close connexion between impulsiveness of character and a tendency to work useless machinery for charitable purposes. Any machinery saves the impulsive person from reflection, and he is apt to have a secret consciousness that any reflection would stop him altogether. It is a very convenient thing for a person who has a vague longing to do good when he can persuade himself that calling at so many cottages with a shilling and a tract for each, and reporting his calls to the treasurer of a society, will furnish all he wants. District visiting societies, like many other societies, are often only a poor compromise between impulsive enthusiasm and utter failure.

Emerson has observed that he found in England that it was principally the beaver-like men of good business habits and with a mercantile spirit who were promoted to high places in spiritual and intellectual spheres. Probably this was meant as a sneer; but we only wish the sneer were truer than it is. A good man of business is exactly the man who ought to be set in authority and raised to the eminence of guiding the impulses of the well-meaning. Impulsiveness is only the raw material which men of business can make some use of, but which is most purposeless and unsatisfactory if left to itself. The importance, especially, of something like business habits in a clergyman cannot be overrated. It is his place to make the impulsiveness of his parishioners come to some good result; and if he is an impulsive, uncalculating, unbusiness-like man himself, he only affords a glaring

instance of the evil against which he ought to guard others. A good man, who first takes up one scheme and then another, who has always got some new project in hand, and who forgets one month what he earnestly recommended the month before, does almost as much harm in a parish as a bad man could do. Enthusiastic benevolence is quite a second-rate virtue. It is only persistence in well-considered schemes, containing an element of permanence, and suited to the real wants and capacities of mankind, that can claim to be of first-rate excellence. We may therefore be very glad that the impulsive people who are now making themselves prominent should exist. The nation that has them has a source of great moral wealth. But they are only raw—and often very raw—material. Sometimes it is possible to make something out of them, and sometimes it is not. They are in every way the inferiors of those whose benevolence is of the beaver-like kind—who know what can be done, and who do it, as much one year as another. Unfortunately, they are not always quite willing to acknowledge this inferiority, and then they do a great amount of mischief. On extraordinary occasions, when the need is urgent and the task to be performed is precise, unreflecting impulsiveness is capable of doing for a long time together what is both noble and useful. But in ordinary times, and in the general state of society, impulsiveness is a very rudimentary quality, and its virtues are soon exhausted.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH NOVEMBER IN PARIS.

WE had the good fortune to be in Paris in the days which immediately followed the promulgation of the decrees of the 24th of November, and heard the opinions which were expressed with regard to them by persons representing nearly all sections of the Opposition, before discussion had produced its usual results in obliterating individual peculiarities of view. The first person with whom we conversed was a philosopher, the champion of a morality graver and loftier than that which is usually received even amongst the more serious of his countrymen—a republican by conviction, but yet one who had not approved the overthrow of the July Monarchy. The events of 1848 had not tended to increase his confidence in the practical ability of the teachers of that section of politicians with which he theoretically agreed. True republicans seemed to him very rare in France, and the best of them had committed great blunders when the administration was for a short time in their hands. He had accordingly thrown in his lot with the Orleanist party, in the ranks of which he thought that he could recognise statesmen who might still hope to govern wisely and well a constitutional France. To his mind, disgusted as he was by ten years of deception, the decrees seemed little better than a mockery. If they meant nothing, if the Corps Legislatif was still to be to all intents and purposes nominated by the préfets, they might as well never have appeared. If it was indeed intended to give an increase of liberty, it would be fatal to the existing dynasty, and sooner or later a prince of the House of Orleans would return to reign—successfully, if he had the good sense to avoid the mistakes of past years, and to adopt frankly the views of the most liberal of his adherents—unsuccessfully, if in his exile he had not learnt as well as forgotten much.

The next was a man in advanced age, who had witnessed in many countries the rise and the fall of many governments—a man of great knowledge and great powers of mind, but misled perhaps a little by some "idols of the Den." In him the decrees had produced little but perplexity, and he attempted to find the explanation of an act which appeared to have no logical sequence by pointing to the strangely capricious character of the Emperor, and by attributing his sudden change of policy to the influence of one or two persons. The third was an Oppositionist "quand même," to whom every act of Napoleon III., good, bad, or indifferent, was equally and unutterably distasteful. This acute intellect dwelt with great satisfaction on the many past mystifications and deceptions which had proceeded from the same quarter, and laughed at the very idea of considering this new feat of legerdemain as anything serious. The fourth was a republican by tradition and by creed, and one who had excellent personal reasons for disliking the ruling powers. He had, however, for some years separated himself from those puritans of liberty who had refused in any way to acknowledge the Empire, even to the length of determining to abstain from taking part in the elections. He had accordingly done what in him lay to use such remnants of freedom as existed for the purpose of obtaining more extended franchises. In the decrees of the 24th of November he seemed to see the first-fruits of the labours of himself and his associates. "Six months ago," he said, "I told our friend—that this must come. The Emperor feels that he can go on no longer. The opposition in the Corps Legislatif last session was quite different from anything that has been seen of late years in France. He begins to learn that there are many people to be reckoned with who do not belong to the much-talked-of 'anciens partis,' and whose antipathy to his government is a question of principle, not of attachment to the things of the past."

Our next visit was to one who united to strong attachment for constitutional government an affection even stronger to the Roman Catholic Church, but whose character has more perhaps of an English type than is usual amongst French politicians. On his mind the new decrees had produced an exceedingly good effect. "It is but a small beginning," he said, "but yet

it is a beginning. We should do most unwisely to make light of it. The charter of the restored Bourbons gave little more, and yet with that little we obtained all." From this representative of the most moderate section of the "parti catholique," we went to one whose name will long be remembered in connexion with those stormy controversies which ended in the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep in 1848. To him, accustomed to questions of a deeper, and emotions of a far stronger kind, the decrees seemed indeed but a very little thing. "Politics," he said, "are dead in France. Who is there who believes anything. Lamoricière's fiasco has extinguished the Catholics for a long time to come. What remains? A few fanatics of my own way of thinking."

The last conversation which we shall record was with a man who had held high office under bygone dynasties, and whose splendid intellect has long been a cherished possession amongst all who are acquainted with the French language. To him this slight return towards the principles of a happier day brought no hope. "Many a year will pass," he said, "before France returns to constitutional government. The hand of its ruler will be now lighter, now heavier, but there will be no real change of system."

Such were the impressions in these first days—if we may venture so to call them—of the Liberal reaction, produced upon a number of men belonging to widely-different camps, but all of them eminently deserving respect and attention. As for the great public, its feeling, in so far as a mere traveller could discover it, was one of pure wonderment, which, like most other states of mind in Paris, formulized itself in a *mot*. "Il est toujours pris d'une fièvre," it said, "vers le mois de Décembre."

We returned to Paris about three weeks afterwards. In the meantime the press had given forth its voice, from the *Patrie*, which made haste to sing a *Te Napoleonem*, to the *Journal des Débats*, which gave in its adhesion in a more leisurely and dignified manner by an article to which perhaps rather too much political importance has been attributed throughout Europe, because the pen was held by the able hand of M. Prevost-Paradol. In every *salon* and in every private party the decrees had been discussed. M. Persigny's conciliatory circular had appeared, and already men were beginning to speculate about the dissolution of the Corps Legislatif. Public opinion, in so far as the liberal party was concerned, seemed to us to have settled down into two broadly divergent views.

One party considered that the recent apparent concessions were no better than a farce; that the Emperor, finding himself embarrassed by the state of affairs in Italy, wished to withdraw from a difficult situation by taking refuge behind the declared sentiments of the assumed representatives of the national will. Those who took this view of the matter believed that as soon as the Corps Legislatif was assembled an address would be carried, in which the Imperial policy abroad and at home would be praised to the skies on all points except one; that the Corps Legislatif, speaking for France, would insist, of course under the inspiration of the Tuileries, on putting an end to the false position of France at Rome; and that this would afford the means of retreating with honour from the defence of the Pope. They further expressed their belief that a few men of more eminence than power to do harm would be admitted to the Chamber, amongst others very probably M. Thiers, but that the préfets would continue to look as sharply as ever after the elections, and that, except with the connivance of the Government, hardly any real liberals would be returned.

The other party looked at the decrees of November 24th in a quite different light. To them they appeared a very real beginning of better days. The Emperor, they said, is, in many respects, like William III. of England. He made at one time a special study of the history of the Stuarts, and that study, as well as the experience of the last forty years in France, will do much to prevent his falling into that worst error of kings—neglecting to watch the signs of the times. He has one great merit—he has his ear open to warnings, and he catches the lightest expression of public opinion. We will meet him in the same spirit, not abating a whit of our legitimate demands, but content to see him loose the reins gradually. From those of us who are young and unconnected with past governments he has no factious opposition to fear. We wish for a Parliamentary France, but whether the ruler who is its nominal head is called by one name or another we do not care the least.

We are inclined to think, though with much hesitation, that the more sanguine critics of the decrees may be nearest to the truth. Doubtless the motives of the Emperor have been mixed. Amongst others, the necessity of obtaining subordinates of a less disreputable kind than he has for some time had to work with has unquestionably weighed with him. Still, no candid reader of his works can deny that this man is not *au fond* the enemy of liberty, although his conception of it is not one which its best friends can endure, and although he is ready on the shortest notice to sacrifice liberty, and indeed everything else, to his determination to hold the high position which he has gained. His foreign policy for the last two years, after making every deduction for the disgraceful episode of Savoy and Nice, for the abuse of England which was encouraged in the French press in the autumn of 1859, as well as for his conduct at Gaeta and at Rome, has certainly been a gain to progress.

Amongst other indications of good intentions we must not omit

to point to his conciliatory attitude towards the intellect of France. He has hung out the white flag, and his overtures have not been altogether rejected. M. Rénan is not one of those *savans* who keep aloof from politics. His sentiments have never been concealed, and they are not those to which absolute monarchs are wont to listen with satisfaction. Yet to M. Rénan the Emperor has entrusted a mission of the highest importance to the scholar and the historian, of his own free will—without solicitation, and without exacting any conditions which could in the slightest degree compromise the independence of the eminent man who accepted it. It is generally known that the Emperor has been for some time engaged upon a history of the first Caesar. Whether this work will ever see the light we cannot say, but there is reason to believe that the curiosity of the illustrious student has been awakened, and that he who is daily engaged in making so much modern history is not too proud to search, with a view to his conduct in the present, the records of the far distant past; and those will do unwisely who, in speculating upon his recent change of policy, altogether leave out of consideration this curious fact. We shall hardly be suspected of being partisans of Cæsarism. Even in a stage of the world's history far less advanced than that in which we have the happiness to live, a system which, if it brought the chance of one good Emperor, entailed the probability of an occasional Nero, and the certainty of many Galbas, or Othos, or Claudiuses, was simply hateful. Still, to realize the popular conception of Trajan is no mean ambition, and we are inclined to believe that some such ideal has for the last few months hovered before the imagination of the remarkable man who "schemes and dreams" in the Tuileries.

SWEDENBORGIANISM IN DIFFICULTIES.

EVERY reader of history knows what the scandals of ecclesiastical councils have been. We do not mean the feuds between orthodox and heretics, when a whole city was torn into violent factions, and when an Arian mob burned an Athanasian rival—or when, as late as the last century, in a frenzy of politics and religion, even the *gamins* of London screamed "High Church and Dr. Sacheverell" in Queen Anne's ears. These are not the riots to which we allude—we have in view the inner workings of the Conclave, the Convocation, the Consistory, or the General Assembly. Here, it is said, is the weak place of religion. Religion suffers by controversy, and by all its taunts, acrimonies, personalities, and violence. Knowing what we know of recent ecclesiastical meetings and debates, it is often said that religion cannot endure the rough processes of constitutionalism. Freedom of discussion and open council are inconsistent with reverence. In all this, however, there is a good deal of cant. We have not, after all, so very much objection to a little quarrelling and dispute, even in an ecclesiastical assembly. Truth is struck out by collision in a Synod as well as in a Parliament. There was a certain "withstanding to the face" mentioned in the Acts to which Apostles themselves were parties, and the Church was none the worse for it.

With this preface, and its implied apology for a little strong language among religious people, even in discussing religious affairs, we proceed to speak of a recent "row," as it is called, among the Swedenborgians, which has lately been brought before Vice-Chancellor Stuart. And here let us pause and wonder what would have been the history of the Church if, in earlier days, this sort of appeal to the secular courts had been possible? The exercise of the Royal Supremacy in England is a very remarkable thing in practice. In theory, it is altogether, or at least popularly, misunderstood. It is supposed to be a power claimed by the Sovereign or the Law to interfere with the religion of the subject. In fact, it is no such thing. It is merely the Supreme Magistrate taking care that every institution, corporation, and association shall administer its own laws in truth and equity. What the Royal Supremacy does—and this was the notion implied in Imperial Appeals—is to provide that right be done by, and to, every body, church, college, society, or corporation within its own limits. The Court of Chancery assumes the bye-laws or constitution of the Swedenborgians, or of the Freemasons, or the formularies of the Church of England, or the trust-deeds of the Baptists, and interferes by insisting that in each and every case the body shall carry out its own constitution, utterly careless or serenely indifferent to those laws themselves, if not opposed to the common law of the realm. This is what the Royal Supremacy is. Lord Langdale or Mr. Pemberton Leigh never inquired whether the Prayer Book was right or wrong, but what it was and what it meant; and in this way the exercise of the Royal Supremacy is a large general blessing. It is law—simple, clear, passionless, unprejudiced law—which tells the angry and prejudiced disputants what they are, in controversies and disputes, too angry and too prejudiced to see.

The circumstances under which the Swedenborgians have appealed to the Royal supremacy are curious. Swedenborgianism was—to use the cant phrase—only subjective in Swedenborg himself. It has become objective since his death. Swedenborg himself lived and died a member of the State Church of Sweden; and several of his followers have not thought it right to abandon their formal communion with other religious bodies. Some clergymen of the Church of England have been Swedenborgians, and although there is a religious denomination governed in the ordinary way by conference, called the New Jerusalem Church,

yet this body is not conterminous with Swedenborgians. We do not pretend to be able to state with accuracy the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church; but Swedenborg himself believed that the Day of Judgment was already past—that he, through angelic guidance, had received this truth, together with sundry revelations on the nature of body and spirit, on angelic and supernatural influences, and on direct communication with the spiritual world. Swedenborg was a Theosophist, who, as far as his Christianity was concerned, was, in the language of controversy, a Sabellian, and in his speculations approximated to a Pantheism which would ultimately have landed a logical and consistent reasoner in a philosophy akin to, if not identical with, Buddhism. To Buddhism, indeed, a good deal of recent spiritualism is rapidly tending. This is Swedenborgianism as distinguished from the New Jerusalem Church; and it is plain that there may be many Swedenborgians who are not members of the latter denomination, which goes by the name of the New Jerusalem. Some years ago a society was formed for the publication of the works of Swedenborg. This society, the "Swedenborg Society," took a house for its business concerns, and in this house were transacted all the affairs of the Institution, and it contained a book shop for its publications and those of the New Church. In 1854, Mr. Clissold, a convert to the New Church—himself, by the way, an ordained clergyman of the Church of England—and a man of great wealth, presented to the Swedenborg Society a new and larger house in Bloomsbury-street, which was to be a dépôt for the works of the society and a gathering-place for the converts and concerns of the New Church. Such a dépôt required a storekeeper and bookseller, and a Mr. White, a Glasgow bookseller, himself a "New Churchman," was appointed to the office. His duties were to act as the Swedenborg Society's agent and manager, for which he received a certain stipend; and at the same time he was permitted to occupy a portion of the Society's house and to use a part of their shop for his own business as a bookseller. The shop was to be "for the sale of Swedenborg's books, and of other New Church works, and general literature." There is no doubt what these words were intended to mean in 1854. The institution was a Swedenborgian one; and the "general literature" clause could not have been intended to mean every book that was, or was to be, published. The proposition, if it were intended to have that meaning, would have enunciated two particulars, and a most sweeping universal, which would have rendered the specification of Swedenborg superfluous. What it meant was, in theology, Swedenborg and Swedenborgianism only—in non-theological matter, all works of general literature. In other words, by "general literature" the engagement with White could only have contemplated books of travels, history, and the like, which make up general, as distinguished from theological, writings. But as time went on a certain class of books sprang up, dedicated to what is called "spiritualism," embracing the doctrines of Mesmerism, spirit-rapping, table-turning, and the like. One Harris, an American apostle of this new spiritualism, came over to England a few years ago, and his sermons and publications attracted a good deal of notice in Swedenborgian circles. Many Swedenborgians thought Mr. Harris a valuable ally of Swedenborg, and his sermons and books were very prominently advertised and sold by Mr. White, the Swedenborgian agent, and who shared in Harris's opinions, at the dépôt of the Swedenborg Society.

Now comes the pinch of the case. The "Swedenborg Society" is under the management of a Committee mainly subjected to the influence and constitution of the New Jerusalem Church. This Committee took a very strong dislike to Spiritualism generally, and to Harris's works in particular. They argued that Spiritualism is a disgrace to Swedenborg and his memory. They deny any real connexion between the gentlemen and ladies of mediums and *séances* and the good old *illuminatus* Baron. Consequently, in a very summary way, the Committee, said to have been strengthened *ad hoc* at the last General Meeting, of the Swedenborg Society, after prohibiting the sale of Harris's works on their premises, in the end dismiss Mr. White as their agent, and require him to remove himself and his stock, and Mr. Harris's works in particular, from the premises of the Swedenborg Society. To this Mr. White demurs, and, chiefly under the auspices of Mr. Wilkinson, the Secretary of the Swedenborg Society, a special general meeting of the Society is held, which, after two nights' debate at the Freemasons' Tavern, censures the proceedings of the Committee, reinstates Mr. White, and Mr. Wilkinson the Secretary, who had also been dismissed, and concludes a new engagement with Mr. White for seven years. At this meeting the Committee is represented by Dr. Bayley, one of the chief ministers of the New Church, and the instigator of the proceedings against Mr. White, and, as a Swedenborgian professor of the old type, vastly incensed against Mr. Harris's works. Dr. Bayley protests against the meeting as illegal, but without any success. He afterwards, with the Committee, appeals to Chancery, and Vice-Chancellor Stuart has issued an interim order altogether in favour of the Committee, confirming their right, as legally entrusted with the concerns of the Society, to dismiss White. This order, however, goes only on the dry legal ground that the Committee was in authority, and, acting *bonâ fide* in what it considered the interests of the Society, was justified in prohibiting the sale of Harris's works, and, on White's contumacy, was further justified in ejecting him. The higher and graver question as to the legal construction of the agreement with White, and the conformity

or nonconformity of Harris's doctrine with the objects of the Swedenborg Society, is not at present touched. White, who retained adverse possession, is restrained from any opposition to the Society's exclusive use and possession of their own premises.

The really interesting points are, whether modern spiritualism is or is not consistent with Baron Swedenborg's doctrine; and undeniably a very odd light is thrown upon the inner working of a doctrinal dispute—which the point just specified is—by what we find took place in the progress of this very curious controversy. We shall take the last subject first; and our authority is a "Report of the Speeches and Proceedings of the Special General Meeting of the Swedenborg Society, held at Freemasons' Tavern, on Nov. 12 and 13, 1860." At the time of the last General Meeting of the Society, when the new committee was formed, there were two parties in that body—the old orthodox Swedenborgians, ranged under the stout Dr. Bayley, and the neologist Swedenborgians under Mr. Wilkinson. The former is vigorously opposed to spiritualism and Harris—the latter is the eager champion of spiritualism. Mr. Wilkinson is a very remarkable writer. We lately called attention to his able work on *Revivals*; and he is saluted by Emerson as one of the chief lights of English literature. Mr. Emerson, in his *English Traits*, remarks of Mr. Wilkinson, "the editor of Swedenborg, the annotator of Fourier, and the champion of Hahnemann," that "there is in the action of his mind a long Atlantic roll not known except in deepest waters, and only lacking what ought to accompany such powers, a manifest centrality. If his mind does not rest in immovable biases, perhaps the orbit is larger"—a judgment which, if it has any meaning, probably means that Mr. Wilkinson has a knack (to which his Freemasons' Hall speech bears undeniable testimony) of talking at great length about everything in general and nothing in particular. But the worst we know about Mr. Wilkinson is that he is the object of Mr. Emerson's eulogy. His lack of "centrality" we entirely endorse; but he is undeniably a very clever person. At the election of the committee ten were found to be strong anti-Harrisites. Mr. Wilkinson the Secretary, and another, were the only two liberals in the body. During the dispute with White, very odd things were done both under the auspices of Dr. Bayley against White, and of Mr. Wilkinson for White. After ejecting White, the Committee of the Society put two or three agents of their own into possession of the premises; and by a fine stroke of satire, and as a practical enforcement of their view of the tendency and character of poor Mr. Harris's sermons, they selected as guards over White's stock some officers of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. A more delicate and refined mode of controversy, and a finer anathema than that of stigmatizing your opponent's works as only fit to be classed with the literature of Holywell-street, cannot be conceived. We must say that this brilliant hit does great credit to Dr. Bayley's controversial powers and taste generally. But Mr. White and Mr. Wilkinson were quite equal to the occasion. Greek met Greek; and one hard hit was met by another at least as hard. On its being thought necessary by Mr. White and his party to hold adverse possession of the premises against the Committee, and to eject their agents, Mr. White engaged the services of Jem Mace the pugilist, and, as it is said, of some other gentlemen of the Prize Ring, for this purpose. So that on one fine morning these premises in Bloomsbury-street, especially dedicated to the harmonies of the Heavenly City and the glories of the New Jerusalem, were garrisoned by the officers of Holywell-street experiences, and assaulted by the Pets of the Fancy. Nor was this the only piece of tactics worth notice. In order to get a majority of the Swedenborg Society at the special meeting against the Committee, 165 *fagot* votes are stated to have been created, under the auspices of Messrs. White and Wilkinson, by enrolling that number of new members of the Swedenborg Society in a single day. Very likely in those old feuds of Arian and Athanasian days something like this was done. But we are ignorant of those ancient methods of controversy. *Carent quia vate sacro*—i.e., the Vice-Chancellor and the reporters. We only say that this sort of polemics is queer, if not original, and we sincerely hope that it will not grow into a precedent.

As to the other matter, we shall probably hear more of it. If the contract with White was only drawn up in the loose language in which it was quoted, Mr. Wilkinson has much to say for himself (and he says it well), and for the lax construction which he puts upon the phrase "general literature." But he proves rather too much. If he is right, White might have made use of the Swedenborg Society's premises for selling not only Holywell-street books, but anti-Swedenborgian books themselves. This construction of the contract will probably never be held in a Court of Equity. But if the larger and really interesting question ever rises, whether Harris's works, or Spiritualistic works generally, are so discordant from Swedenborg's writings as to justify the Committee—which is Dr. Bayley's position—in prohibiting them as absurd and blasphemous, and utterly opposed to the teaching of Swedenborg, we must say that in our judgment Mr. Wilkinson has a very good case, so long as he confines it to this issue. There is every possible resemblance and affinity between the two systems. Both Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism rest on the same fundamental doctrines; and numerous living writers, both in America and England, have borne testimony to their intimate connexion—such as Emerson, Bush,

Wilkinson, Howitt, Brotherton, and others. Spiritualism has drawn many of its more intellectual advocates from Swedenborgianism. Both hold the same doctrine of intercourse with spirits—both lead to the same conclusions. No doubt Dr. Bayley and the clerical party of the New Jerusalem Church may stand aghast at the practical commentary on Swedenborg's writings which Mr. Harris and the Spiritualists afford; but in this case, as in others, the laity are always ahead of the clergy in drawing logical conclusions. If the matter can ever be fairly argued out in a court of justice, we have not the least doubt that, as far as the Swedenborg Society (not the New Jerusalem Church) is concerned, it will never be held that the writings of Harris, or of any other Spiritualist, are so opposed to the teaching of Swedenborg as to be excluded from a depot of his works—at least on the ground that they are utterly opposed to Swedenborg, which, if anything, must be Dr. Bayley's real objection to Harris.

OUR NEW AMBASSADOR AT ROME AND CARDINAL WISEMAN.

AT Rome it is a received part of the regular winter arrangements to provide a conversion of the season, a canonization of the season, as often as possible a miracle of the season, and, in moments requiring extreme effect, to screw the State machine into yielding a dogma of the season. So, in this great year of exceptional events, there has been turned out an exceptional contrivance, not badly adapted to cheer the despondency which can hardly fail to be settling down upon the Papal intellect in lucid moments. A live and incontrovertible Embassy from Great Britain has entered Rome. It is within the knowledge of all inhabitants of the Eternal City how from this long recreant community, a high and puissant Ambassador has arrived, great in honour amongst his people—a full unit in its governing body—to carry to the Holy Father, not vague expressions of sympathy of which he has a terrible surfeit, but the kind of positive succour which can really bring a glow of joy to the pale cheek of despair. The England of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth has fulfilled the course of time which prophetic churchmen had foretold must bring to a close her strayings from the right path, and already a public herald is knocking at the Vatican gate to procure for his repentant countrymen readmission to the favour of imprinting a filial kiss upon the Pope's slipper. The style of this announcement whirls back the mind to the reminiscences of an Earl of Castlemaine, and makes one stand on tiptoe for an immediate renewal of that nobleman's prodigious pomp. It is true that ever since his time the Court of Rome has occasionally received what it considered English missions, quite distinct from any in connexion with our Foreign Office. But these have been comparatively private transactions, however deeply their members may have been impressed with a sense of individual dignity. Thus, we well remember last year the elaborate diplomatic protocol, emblazoned with a conspicuous date, from the Palace of the Order of St. John, in which Sir G. Bowyer, through the *Times*, brought it to the knowledge of all whom it might interest, that he had become invested with the character of Pontifical organ for the British public. In the celebrated Irish Brigade we have also become acquainted with the practical excellence of the measures to inculcate which this statesman sped about Rome with such frenzied excitement. Possibly a lively sense of their value—above all of their cost—may be the reason why he is not this year again there in the same position. At all events, it is Mr. Pope Hennessy who has proceeded to Rome in the capacity of an Ambassador Extraordinary from Great Britain to the Holy See. The arrival of this unmistakable plenipotentiary has at once unmasked the imposture practised by our pretended Foreign Office, and has reduced its functionaries, in the eyes of the Vatican, into mere representatives *in partibus*—not even on a level with the Ministers of the legitimate Sovereigns of Naples and Tuscany. In common with most great men, Mr. Pope Hennessy must evidently have had about him the visible stamp of his superiority; for he was recognised, at the first glance, as a man veritably deputed by the genuine intelligence and true heart of England. Moreover, his official credentials, on inspection, have proved of a very imposing nature. He has accredited himself to the Holy See in a series of documents that convey elaborately stringent assurances of permanent tribute from England. Such credentials may well rejoice the heart. In the name of his countrymen, Mr. Pope Hennessy has delivered to the Holy Father a pledge for a fixed yearly tribute of one million Roman dollars; and this pledge is accompanied with a detailed set of vouchers, calculated to remove all doubt as to the authenticity or correctness of the estimate. Every test which arithmetic can suggest to the most cautious of financiers would fail to pick a hole in the conclusions drawn from Mr. Hennessy's figures, and his conclusion is to be invalidated only by impugning the solvency of the contracting parties. The financial structure presented is unexceptionable in its calculations, provided it does not rest for a base upon unfounded assumption. The only test which can settle this point would be one that should prove the professed munificent donors to be in no respect creations of unconscious pious deception.

In proportion as the character of the communication which Mr. Pope Hennessy has volunteered to deliver to the Vatican secures for him extraordinary attention in that quarter, so like-

wise does it expose him to extraordinary perils. With absolute immunity from contradiction, any one might have enlivened Pius the Ninth's gloomy winter evenings by demonstrating how Great Britain had been kept for centuries in the ways of wickedness, solely through those identical practices of immoral compulsion which have coerced his subjects into wholesale defection. There could have been no reason to dread a frown of incredulity upon his Holiness's brow in repression of a volubility of speech expatiating perhaps upon the details of the oratory in Queen Victoria's closet, which she had constructed preparatory to her imminent profession of the true faith in public. Pius IX. would, on the contrary, look up with admiration to this intrepid narrator as a giant in faith, and in politics almost the equal of Lord Normanby, for whose singular perspicacity he delights to express, on all occasions, particular respect. If, in the course of time, any one about the Pope's person should have deviated so far into common sense as to suspect something queer in the persistent slowness with which events were coming to the confirmation of confident predictions, the objections of the sceptic would be forthwith solved from on high by a lucid commentary, based probably upon the well-authenticated interference of the Evil Fiend. But in the present circumstances and temper of the Vatican, to venture with levity upon ill-considered assurances of help in the shape of cash might be an involving its perpetrator in painful consequences. An individual who thus trifled with the feelings of the Vatican would be like a reckless keeper of wild beasts who foolishly tantalized their appetites by entering their cage when they were pinched with hunger, and in the end paid with his life the penalty of his gratuitous provocation. A craving for money is now the keenest sensation of the Vatican; and hence it may well be expected to resent bitterly any joke upon that score. We trust that Mr. Pope Hennessy will not feel offended by our suggesting this reflection to him. Undoubtedly he is still the star of the Roman season, and might at the present moment withdraw with beams of untarnished glory. We are indeed disposed to think that there are valid reasons why it might be advisable for him even to accelerate his retreat. Immense as is the estimation in which Mr. Pope Hennessy's authority is held at the Vatican as ambassadorial representative of England, Cardinal Wiseman, in virtue of being Pontifical tax-gatherer in this country, holds a position which must attach to his opinions also great weight. In this capacity he is exposed to experiences of that exceedingly pertinent kind which can dissipate the densest delusion. It appears that a woful discrepancy has presented itself between the amount which this prelate has succeeded in gathering and the estimates so boastfully advanced by Mr. Pope Hennessy. At the very moment when the sight of this angel of consolation, stepping into the actual presence of the Pope with his incontrovertible bundle of paper pledges under the arm, made Monsignori skip with joy even within the precincts of the Pontifical vestibule, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was in the act of composing a sad epistle to the Holy Father. With inexpressible grief the Cardinal has communicated the distressing fact, that, in spite of the most zealous efforts to extract contributions in behalf of the Pope, he has met with a very imperfect success. His appeals to the Catholics of Great Britain have encountered a general unwillingness—in very many instances even a downright refusal—to give. The Cardinal states that he has received everywhere plentiful assurances of readiness to contribute towards the support of the Pope's spiritual dignity, but strong expressions of indisposition to expend money upon armaments for the political enthrallment of his subjects. A conscientious sense of duty has accordingly impelled Cardinal Wiseman to represent to his Holiness that the Catholics in this kingdom cannot be brought to support the Pope in his struggle for temporal power in the manner that might have been hoped; that the majority have been unfortunately infected with the peculiar political notions current in this country, and that he finds himself bound respectfully to tender to his Holiness the melancholy advice that his interests, in the sad condition of affairs, would be best consulted by coming to an understanding with Victor Emmanuel. We are not enabled to say what impression this missive has produced upon the mind of the Pope, but, with the Cardinal's known devotion to the Holy See, such an opinion ought to carry great weight. Practically, matters are also hastening so fast to the pitch where conviction generally reaches the most obdurate stubbornness, that we may really expect to see even the hitherto imperturbable self-delusion of the Vatican disturbed by this unambiguous cry of despair from so zealous a servant. If so, Mr. Pope Hennessy had certainly better look to himself in time, and get out of the range of the explosion which may be expected when his cherished million becomes an ascertained mirage.

This communication from Cardinal Wiseman is indeed a grave occurrence, the importance of which should not be overlooked. The English Roman Catholics are conspicuous for attachment to their faith. If they thus fail to support the Pope in his present struggle, it does not admit of a doubt that he can reckon upon no effective assistance from communities which have ever shown far less fervour. Most persons will be inclined to wonder only how the Vatican can have so long indulged in exaggerated expectations. These persons do not know the nature of Papal Rome, which is a cabinet of curiosities owned by an indiscriminating and self-willed antiquarian, who persists in affirming

modern potsherds to be antediluvian relics, and obstinately reserves his ear for people who have no objection to flatter his particular whims. All along, the Vatican has been grievously misled because it has systematically laid itself out to listen only to well-principled individuals whispering sweet sounds to its taste. Thus it has grown into a natural harbour of refuge for all the adventurers and crack-brained enthusiasts of Europe. Individuals with the qualification of either class can leap there at once into honour and distinction. Such a man was the great Crusader from the Vendée, M. de Cathelineau, who for a time edified Rome with his tales of muster-rolls of the Catholic legions who were following in his footsteps. Another illustrious member of the brotherhood is the Minister of War, Monsignor Merode, whose military passions hurry him into naming a dozen commanders for one battalion. Let us hope that the equivocal honour of being the third most conspicuous individual in this rather insane body may not fall forcibly to the lot of an ambitious British senator.

HEATING OF TELEGRAPH CABLES.

IN a letter to Professor Tyndall, published in the last number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, Mr. C. Wm. Siemens describes a striking and most fortunate application of a known fact in electricity. We usually figure this agent as a fluid, and somewhat grossly imagine it to pass through conductors as water does through pipes. The symbol does no harm so long as we know that it is a symbol, and the friction of a liquid in passing through a narrow pipe answers perhaps sufficiently well to illustrate the resistance encountered by an electric current in passing through a wire. The longer the wire is the greater is the resistance; the thinner the wire the greater is the resistance; and wires of the same thickness and length, but of different metals, offer different amounts of resistance to the passage of an electric current. A wire of platinum, for example, one yard in length, will throw the same obstacle in the way of a current as a wire of silver twelve yards in length, and of the same thickness.

But besides difference of dimension or difference of chemical quality, there is another circumstance which influences the conductive power of a wire, and that is its temperature. As a general rule, when the temperature of a wire augments, its resistance to the passage of an electric current augments; or, in other words, its conductivity becomes diminished. One of the prettiest illustrations of this fact is the following. Let two spirals of thin platinum wire be introduced at different parts of the same circuit, and let a current be sent through the circuit sufficient to raise the platinum wires to a red heat. Let one of the red hot wires be plunged into cold water and quenched—the other spiral instantly glows brighter. Raise the spiral from the water and let it again be heated to redness, the glow of its neighbour instantly sinks, but rises again on a repetition of the immersion. The reason of this is that when the platinum spiral is cooled, it has its conducting power augmented; hence it allows a larger amount of electricity to pass, and this increase of force acting upon the second wire, renders it more vividly incandescent.

We can express the resistance of any wire in numbers referred to a fixed standard. We can also determine with the utmost exactness the augmentation of electric resistance due to any given augmentation of temperature. Conversely, we can accurately infer the increase of temperature from the increase of resistance, and this is the principle which Mr. Siemens has so happily applied. He had charge of the Rangoon and Singapore telegraph cable, and was led by previous observation to surmise that a spontaneous generation of heat sometimes took place when large lengths of such cables are formed into coils. He was, therefore, anxious to keep himself acquainted with the temperature of the inner portions of his coil, but could not, of course, introduce ordinary thermometers there. He introduced, however, between the layers of the cable at regular intervals suitable coils of copper wire, the resistance of which for a long series of temperatures had been determined beforehand. The ends of these copper coils issued into the air, so that they could be connected at any time with a suitable apparatus for determining their resistance. Now, Mr. Siemens found that although the outer portion of the coil of cable had a temperature not sensibly higher than that of the air, the wires which he had placed within the coil showed a steady augmentation of resistance, from which he inferred that the cable was heating within. He waited until the augmented resistance indicated an increase of temperature from sixty to eighty-six degrees. Had he waited much longer, the cable would probably have been destroyed. Some of those to whom he communicated his conclusions regarded them for a time as the mere refinements of theory, but all their doubts were dissipated when a quantity of water, at a temperature of forty-two degrees, thrown upon the top of the cable, after passing through the inner portions of the coil, issued from its bottom with the temperature raised to seventy-two degrees.

The precise cause of this generation of heat has not, we believe, been yet determined. It may be due to some chemical action in the gutta percha; but it may also be due to the gradual rusting of the iron which encases the cable. The rusting of iron is really the burning of iron, but this burning, under ordinary circumstances, is so slow, that the heat generated is all dissipated in the air. But if this dissipation be prevented, it is easy to see

that such an accumulation may take place as would produce the effects observed by Mr. Siemens, and still worse effects if not guarded against in time. Were the human skin, for example, an envelope impervious to heat, which prevented the escape of the warmth generated by respiration, each of us would very soon act the part of a Papin's digester upon his own bones, and boil them into jelly. Who can say what injury was done to the gutta percha covering of the Atlantic cable through ignorance of the fact observed so opportunely in the case of that of Rangoon and Singapore?

QUEEN TOPAZE.

THE star of French comic opera is clearly in the ascendant, and it must indeed be a proud reflection for M. Victor Massé that both the great London opera houses are at the present moment occupied by his compositions. Doubtless the fact will be commented upon with some exultation by the musical critics on the other side of the Channel, as at once a proof of the poverty of our national resources in the way of operatic music, and a tribute to the superiority of their own countrymen. Such, however, would be far from a proper estimate of the circumstance. We can write as good—we hesitate not to say better—music than the trivial and rapid productions which, for the most part occupy the stage of the Opéra Comique; and while we can point to such names as Macfarren, Wallace, Loder, Balfe, and Smart, we can afford to give place for a time, and can without jealousy welcome the appearance of novelty, whatever be the land of its birth. And while on this topic, let us take the opportunity of suggesting to the managers of the two English opera companies, that the works of German composers might with advantage be searched for compositions, at once popular, and easy of adaptation to the English stage, and which would be found, we are sure, to possess more genuine musical merit and originality than any but some bright exceptions of the French operatic school. To say nothing of greater men, Dittersdorf, Marschner, Lortzing, Otto Nicolai, Lachner, and many others may, in passing, be cited as composers deservedly popular in Germany for works which we should think might be tried with at least as little risk as *The Marriage of Georgette* or *Queen Topaze*.

A hearing of this last-mentioned opera has only confirmed us in our estimate of M. Victor Massé's merits as a composer, and the remarks which we made some short time since upon *The Marriage of Georgette*, on the occasion of its production at Covent Garden, would, without variation, serve to express our opinion of the general character of the writing. For, so far as it is a merit, M. Massé possesses a very marked manner (the result rather of certain peculiarities of rhythm and form than of any particular originality of idea), which runs through both the above-mentioned works, and is sufficient to stamp them as the work of the same composer. *La Reine Topaze*, is, of course, a work of much greater dimensions than an opéra-telle like *Les Noces de Jeannette*, but, with this exception, calls for little criticism which does not apply to the slighter production. A considerable amount of dash and smartness prevails throughout, and often succeeds in carrying one away, in spite of the intrinsic poverty of the musical idea which it invests; and it must be acknowledged that the music possesses a certain grace and refinement, frivolous though it be, which redeems it from the charge of baldness and insipidity.

The plot is sufficiently foolish. The incidents upon which it depends are for the most part of so slight a character as often to run the risk of passing almost unnoticed by the audience, and it required a careful perusal of the book to give us any sort of idea of the actual connexion of the characters. It is, dramatically regarded, only another experience added to a numerous list, of a French piece depending for its success upon a delicacy and ease in delineation in which we cannot hope to rival the French stage, but without which it is next to impossible to give it any amount of charm or interest.

Six gentlemen, whose names, with the exception of Signor Annibal (Mr. Santley) it will be unnecessary to record, are, upon the rising of the curtain, discovered in a most impossible locality in Venice, disputing as to which of them is the favoured suitor of the Countess Filomela. They at last agree to refer the matter to the arbitration of a young gipsy, Topaze (Madlle. Parepa), who is supposed, as usual, to have more than natural cognizance in such matters. As they are clamouring for entrance at the door of her house they are interrupted by Raphael (Mr. Swift), who quarrels with them for the noise they are making, and in consequence fights a duel with Annibal, without, however, any serious result. He finally becomes very good friends with the party, and proceeds to recount how, at Vicenza, when in the service of the Duke of Milan, he had been engaged in a flirtation with a lady only known to him by the name of Diana; and he relates further that, whenever he went to see her, he was always sure to meet two or three ill-looking fellows, accompanied by a beggar girl, who evidently watched him with no friendly intentions. This beggar girl turns out to be Topaze, the Queen of the Gipsies, the life of whose father Raphael once saved, and who in consequence has conceived a violent attachment to him; while the Lady Diana proves to be the Countess Filomela. This speedily comes to light, from which point the story is so inextricable a tangle of incidents as quite to defy unravelment, and in any case would require a great deal more space to explain than it is

forth. Topaze, who has declared her love to Raphael, conceives herself slighted for Filomena, and has recourse to a series of artifices to revenge herself. She appears as a lady of rank at a masked ball given by Annibal, attended by her two gipsy protectors, who, in their attempts to imitate the manners of gentlemen, do some "funny business." Among other absurd incidents, a sleeping draught is given to Annibal by Topaze, so that when all his guests have departed he wakes up to find himself surrounded by the gipsies whom their queen has introduced by a secret entrance. He is, for some inexplicable reason or other, compelled to marry Topaze, and the ceremony, which is performed in a very primitive manner upon the spot, forms the subject of the finale to the second act. The marriage, as might be expected, turns out only to be a mock one, and the piece eventually ends with the reconciliation of Raphael and Topaze, and the union of Annibal and the Countess Filomena.

The overture is a pretty and effective combination of subjects which occur prominently in the opera. One of these, the song for Topaze, "I am queen of the gipsies," at the conclusion of the first act, cannot fail to recall the subject of Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, and the resemblance is the more striking when we find in what connexion it is introduced. Of the other songs for the heroine, that which is most likely to become popular, and which indeed promises great merit from its elegance, is the so-called Bee Song, in which she compares the life of a gipsy to that of the "roving, wandering bee." A nice effect is produced in these two verses by a tremolo accompaniment for the muted violins. The "laughing song," "What, indeed, you each other know!" in which Topaze expresses her mirth at the mutual recognition of Raphael and the Countess, although commenced by a commonplace phrase, is extremely hilarious and characteristic, and capitally given as it was by Mdlle. Parepa, was most enthusiastically enjoyed. A very decided success, too, was the air "Beauty and youth are blooming"—a pretty canzonet, immediately followed by the *Carnival of Venice*, with variations, which is sure always to please the audience from the popularity of the air and the brilliant execution which Mdlle. Parepa displays. The tenor Raphael has not a great deal to do in the way of solo. His last song is the romance, "Oh light as fallen snow," which is a pretty enough ballad-like melody without much originality, but affords Mr. Swift opportunity for showing that he possesses not only a good voice, but excellent taste into the bargain. A duet also, "The token," for Raphael and Topaze, deserves mentioning, although containing much that is commonplace—witness the vulgar strain for the tenor, "Now the plot unravels," towards the conclusion. Mr. Santley's singing throughout is thoroughly excellent, whatever he said of his acting; and his admirably correct and effective delivery of all the concerted music, of which there is a great deal, cannot be praised too highly. This perhaps, with the addition of the songs for Topaze, is the most successful portion of the opera: and although, as might be expected, it has no claim to great depth or originality, it quite justifies what we have said as to the spirit and brilliancy with which the composer writes. There is far too much of it for us to attempt to particularize, but we would cite the opening sestet, "Ah! joyous ball," "We are six cavaliers"—the "ensemble," "Amusing adventure" for Raphael and the six other gentlemen—and the bacchanalian, "Fill the wine cup"—all of which occur in the first act, as possessing considerable merit. The trio for Topaze and her two attendants, with a bassoon accompaniment, which introduces the gipsy queen to the audience, is one of the best bits in the opera, and is afterwards skilfully combined with the above-mentioned bacchanalian, producing, perhaps, the most original effect in the work. A capital trio, too, in its way, is that for Topaze and the two gipsies, when they are pursued by Raphael for having stolen a token, which their mistress has commissioned them to recover from him; and let us also mention favourably the concerted scene, commencing with the septuor, "Let's end at once this altercation," which concludes with a spirited laughing passage for the disappointed suitors of Filomena. A trio for Annibal and the two gipsies, "When I drink, 'tis very odd," which is beyond mediocrity, must end our catalogue of the concerted music. Of actual chorus there is—perhaps fortunately—not very much, and that at the end of the second act, "Cupid, bold boy!" is the only one which we think it necessary to specify, as it was at once the most striking both for composition and execution. The performance throughout was excellent, and we were as surprised as gratified by the correctness with which all the concerted music for the six suitors was given. A passing word of praise ought also to be accorded to Messrs. Patey and Terrott for their delineation of the two gipsies, which, both musically and dramatically, was highly effective. The band has improved most extraordinarily, owing, we suppose, to Mr. Charles Hallé's admirable conducting, and executed the overture and accompaniments with an amount of precision and spirit which we are scarcely accustomed to meet with at Her Majesty's Theatre. The opera, in spite of its faults, is well worth hearing.

THE GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.

THIS Association has recommenced its musical entertainments in a manner calculated to uphold their well-established reputation. They are quite unique in London for their peculiar simplicity and refinement. Most of our metropolitan amusements

are of a kind to require, not only a love of enjoyment, but considerable pluck and endurance. To hear an opera in these days involves four hours' hard sitting, besides the loss of your dinner, and a very fair probability of bronchitis from the zephyrs that play around your ankles. To hear an oratorio at Exeter Hall is an undertaking for which families set aside a day, and arm themselves with sandwiches and ginger-wine. The Glee and Madrigal Union is almost the only entertainment which does not think it necessary to show its zeal by tiring you to death, and which can be enjoyed without discomfort or fuss or bother. Except for the circumstance that you pay for it in money instead of in the dearer coin of reciprocal civilities, it does not differ essentially from an evening party at which several of the guests are unusually accomplished musicians. The very unassuming arrangements and the extreme quietness of the hour-and-a-half's proceedings will commend it to quiet folk whose animal spirits are not equal to Christmas pantomimes and monster concerts. There is something, too, in both the selection of music and the singing, which carries out the semi-private character of the entertainment. The singers have all the taste and skill of professionals, without the disagreeable mannerism into which performers accustomed to the stage are apt to fall. The music selected is subjected to no special test, except that it shall be English. Mr. Oliphant's antiquarian tastes are very visible in the programme; but his learning is tolerant enough to include James Hook, and Dr. Callcott and Sir H. Bishop. The more scientific glees are well represented, but not to the exclusion of several very simple songs and ballads. This kind of performance is not very attractive to singers, for it gives few opportunities of showing off. The merits of a ballad singer, beyond the possession of a good voice, must be the unobtrusive and impalpable merits of refinement and gracefulness of manner. But it gives a great deal more pleasure than the desperate *tours de force* in which a singer displays his or her exquisite skill in avoiding a false note, and the audience, by their rapturous applause, express their exquisite relief at having escaped it.

The new additions to the old favourites were tolerably numerous and were very well received. "My lodging is on the cold ground" was given, with a great deal of soft and simple pathos, by Miss Wells. It was a production of the theatrical *furor* of the Restoration, and is historically curious as having procured an ignominious elevation for Moll Davis, who sang it in the presence of Charles II. The tune is no other than the old friend which everybody knows in connexion with Moore's "Believe me if all those endearing young charms;" but it is much more suitable to the old words than to the new. The audience were very much taken with a curious old song of Queen Anne's time, written in ridicule of hoops—"Oh mother! a hoop, a hoop." Miss Eyles, whose voice is in admirably good order, gave it with great spirit, but yet with sufficient reserve to prevent it from degenerating into the broad farce on the verge of which a song on such a subject naturally trembled. The crinolined audience vigorously applauded, and demanded an *encore*, enjoying no doubt the opportunity of a laugh at their tyrant. Arne's glee, "Where the bee sucks," was not so warmly received as it deserved to be; nor, in spite of Goldsmith's eulogy, did "Mad Tom" excite any particular attention. It is not in a style to captivate modern ears; and probably a good deal of Mr. Oliphant's attachment to it arises from the triumph of having succeeded by his researches in ejecting Purcell from the reputed authorship. Sir H. Bishop's "Blow gentle gales," was thoroughly well executed, and was the best piece of the evening. The peculiarly dramatic character of the music exacts a delicacy of intonation which in a larger building would be almost unattainable.

The object of these performances is to bring English music of the less severe kind into notice, and to show with how very little apparatus it can be effectively performed. It is to be wished that they were more frequented by young ladies, or by those who have the direction of their musical studies. It is just the style of music for drawing-room performances, for it sounds best in rooms of a moderate size, and would be embarrassed by any other accompaniment than a pianoforte. If it could find its way into evening parties, the young ladies would be spared much unearthly screaming, and the young gentlemen much patient suffering and many reluctant compliments. It is a great pity that English ballad music is not more in favour with amateurs. The stores of it are very considerable, if only there were more men of Mr. Oliphant's taste and research to bring them into notice; and these native melodies have at least as much beauty in them as the trash of Verdi's with which the music shops are filled. Moreover, they have the recommendation, invaluable to the mass of amateurs, of being easy to execute tolerably, and difficult to execute very badly. They depend on taste and feeling, quite as much as on technical skill; at all events, musical imperfections do not make such awful havoc of them as they do of the operatic adaptations on which so much of the patience of young ladies and their hearers is expended. But there is a mysterious impulse which drives everybody to do that by preference which they do worst. Just as a village choir in a remote district, composed of boys fresh from searing crows, is always remarkable for attempting the most difficult anthems, so it is always the youngest young lady whose energetic performance of variations on the *Trovatore* makes the teacups rattle and the lap-dog howl. There must be a popular delusion among mothers that there is something husband-catching in the bravura style of

singing, for it is generally not till a lady's lot is settled one way or the other that she has the courage to stoop to simple English songs and ballads. But this anti-national fashion is a social evil of the most obnoxious character. It is a cruelty to the unfortunate man who has to turn over the pages with an entranced expression of countenance—to the hostess, who has to listen without wincing, and to go on saying, "What a pretty thing that is! Do tell me who it's by!" until she can repeat the formula in her sleep—to the circle of resigned guests, who must not talk during the paroxysms of scream, and whose business it is to chorus, "Beautiful! Thank you! So pretty!" in the intervals of repose—even to the young lady herself, who at first believes these polite lies, and concludes that she must have been singing in time and tune, though she did not think so herself. Perhaps, if the lighter old English music was more frequently reproduced in public, it would be treated less disdainfully in private. As the only object seems to be that the young ladies should perform something less than moderately what the night before both they and their hearers have heard professionals perform well, it would be answered by English just as well as by Italian music. It is to be hoped the Glee and Madrigal Union will increase and multiply, and produce others like unto it, not only because it is a very pleasant public entertainment, but because it is the only hope of relief to the sufferers under "musical evenings." A great deal of labour has been expended in improving the taste of the working classes. It is high time that something should be done to improve the taste of the lazy classes.

REVIEWS.

THE JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM, LORD AUCKLAND.*

THE miscellaneous fragments of Lord Auckland's letters and papers are so interesting as to create a reasonable desire for a larger and more systematic selection, which might be advantageously connected by a biographical sketch. The extracts now published, which seem to have been made at random, are carefully edited by Mr. George Hogge, and it is only to be regretted that the materials placed at his disposal have not admitted of a more satisfactory arrangement. If the present Lord Auckland's avocations leave him wholly without leisure, the editor of the present volumes would be fully competent to complete the collection of which he has now produced some detached samples. Apparently, some drawer or desk has been emptied for purposes of publication, while other similar repositories have been left without examination. In the first volume, there is a partially connected account of Mr. Eden's French mission, consisting in his official letters and despatches, with scarcely any notice of his private life. The second volume commences with an interesting domestic journal of his Spanish embassy, containing not a single allusion to public business. His embassy to the Hague is illustrated almost exclusively by letters from correspondents who supply him with Paris news or with London gossip, and the publication breaks off abruptly with his return to England in 1793, twenty years before the close of his career. The extraordinary carelessness of the nominal editor is shown by his prefatory statement, that he hopes by the present publication to modify the harsh judgments of his father's character which may have been suggested by the Memoirs of Lord Malmesbury and Mr. George Rose. It is true that the letters and diary show Mr. Eden to have been remarkably amiable in domestic life, while they confirm the general impression that his abilities and attainments were of a high order; but the charges of Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Rose refer to his conduct in 1801, and the present Lord Auckland seems to have forgotten that the latest document which he has published is dated in 1793. Mr. Eden's timely abandonment of the Fox and North Opposition, in 1786, can scarcely be accepted as a proof of his fidelity to Mr. Pitt when Addington succeeded to office. An advocate who sits down without saying a word for the defence is generally supposed to admit the guilt of his client; but in this case it would seem that Lord Auckland has merely handed his retainer to a friend, and afterwards forgotten to provide him with instructions. There is probably some apology to be made for the ambiguous conduct which excited Mr. Rose's indignation; and it is only to be regretted that the readers of the letters and journals have no means of forming a judgment on the controversy. It would be well worth while to examine a few more bundles of letters, and to add some narrative and explanation which may fill up the gaps of a desultory correspondence.

The accusation is serious, both in its personal and in its public bearing. Lord Auckland is charged with having displayed conspicuous ingratitude to the Minister who, after taking him from the ranks of Opposition, had made him an ambassador, a peer, and a confidential colleague. He is also said to have inflicted an unparalleled injury on his country by causing the postponement of Catholic Emancipation for thirty years. It has been repeatedly asserted that Lord Auckland, in conjunction with Lord Loughborough, prematurely disclosed to George III. the secret of Mr. Pitt's intentions in favour of the Irish Catholics; and it

is added, that both Ministers suggested or encouraged the fatal scruples in which it is difficult to believe that either sincerely concurred. The present volumes only supply the additional information that the Chancellor and the Postmaster-General were relatives, early friends, and occasional correspondents. This personal connexion furnishes no proof of their co-operation in a discreditable intrigue; but those who now learn it for the first time will scarcely regard it as a reason for modifying any suspicions which they may previously have entertained.

Political biographies of the last century almost always fail to satisfy the curiosity which they excite as to the mysterious advantages of office. Mr. Eden was the fourth son of a baronet, and at an early age he abandoned the bar for the post of Under-Secretary of State in Lord North's Administration. He was for two years Chief Secretary of Ireland; and on the dissolution of the Government he appears in the character of an affluent and hospitable country gentleman. Two or three years later, although he was the father of a numerous family, he commenced a series of urgent applications for an Irish peerage; and in twenty years from his first entrance into public life he became an English Peer. It is an extraordinary circumstance that one of his brothers was a Minister Plenipotentiary and Knight of the Bath; another was created a Baronet, and the youngest an Irish Peer. Lord Auckland was, however, the only member of the family who rose to considerable eminence. Allying himself with all parties in turn as they succeeded to ascendancy, he was distinguished among a race of orators and Parliamentary tacticians by his knowledge of trade and of political economy, and by his practical capacity for business. Although his letters throw little light on his opinions or feelings, he was probably but faintly influenced by the party passions which formed elements in his political calculations. He was one of Lord North's confidential advisers; and although the *Correspondence* is silent on the subject, he is known to have been, in concert with Lord Loughborough, a principal promoter of the Coalition with Fox. It appears, however, that, before the alliance was formed, Mr. Eden had waited for offers from Lord Shelburne; and it seems that, by better management, the Minister might have secured the aid of the party which commanded a majority in the House of Commons. Under the Coalition Ministry, Mr. Eden, as Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, was an active supporter of Mr. Fox's policy, and he subsequently took a prominent part in the efforts of the majority to force Mr. Pitt from power. After the dissolution of 1784, and the permanent establishment of the new Minister, he conducted the opposition to the Irish propositions for an equality of reciprocal Customs-duties between England and Ireland.

Mr. Pitt seems to have discovered the expediency of detaching so able an opponent from the hostile ranks, and his overtures were accepted with little show of reluctance. Mr. Hogge suggests that a diplomatic appointment involved no transfer of party allegiance, and as a proof of the Duke of Portland's approval, he quotes a letter in which the nominal chief of the Opposition by no means expresses an unqualified sanction of a secession which he professes to regard as temporary. Mr. Eden probably intended to leave a door open for his return to his former allegiance, but there is no doubt that his adherence to Mr. Pitt was the result of a definite bargain. According to the editor of Mr. Rose's Diary, he attempted to stipulate for the Speakership and for other appointments, and only accepted the mission to Paris as a last resource. It is at least certain that he never again separated himself from Mr. Pitt until the change of Ministry took place fifteen years later. The great Whig secession of 1792 had previously reunited him with a large portion of his former friends. It would perhaps have been impossible to find an envoy more competent to negotiate the commercial treaty of 1786, but the *Correspondence* illustrates the steady control which Mr. Pitt exercised over a representative whom he found more ready than himself to make concessions to France. In the following year, Mr. Eden carried out, in opposition to his own judgment, the high-handed proceedings by which Mr. Pitt compelled the French Government to renounce their pretensions to interfere in the affairs of Holland. The Spanish and Dutch missions terminated his diplomatic career, and his ambition seems to have been disappointed by his share in political promotion at home.

If Lord Malmesbury may be believed, Lord Auckland influenced George III. against the Catholic claims and against Mr. Pitt, through the agency of his brother-in-law, the Archbishop of Canterbury. On the same authority it is alleged that he hoped himself to become Prime Minister, and that he afterwards aspired in vain to the Secretaryship for the Home Department. Shortly after the accession of Addington, he delivered an insulting speech in the House of Lords which put an end to all future intercourse with Mr. Pitt and his personal friends. The editor states that he afterwards adhered to the party of Lord Grenville, but it seems strange that the zealous opponent of the Catholic claims should have chosen a leader who was far more deeply pledged than Mr. Pitt to the cause of emancipation. It was perhaps as a follower of Lord Sidmouth that he was connected with the allied adherents of Lord Grenville and of Fox, and it is fair to assume that Lord Auckland was sincerely indifferent to the party obligations which he had so repeatedly disregarded in practice. Whatever might be thought of his conduct by the statesmen whom he had successively deserted, he was always an industrious and intelligent man of business, and the liberality of his commercial views was in advance of his age. It is unlucky

* *Journal and Correspondence of William, Lord Auckland.* With a Preface and Introduction by the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1860.

that his family have left the story of his career to be almost exclusively told by his enemies. Lord Malmesbury, who is his most formidable accuser, had been his rival, and sometimes his opponent in diplomacy, and it is possible that his share in the anti-Catholic intrigue may have been taken for granted from his close connexion with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Loughborough, who were undoubtedly parties to the transaction.

The letters of Lord Auckland himself in the present collection are few and unimportant, with the exception of the correspondence on the French Commercial Treaty and on the Dutch dispute. As a diplomatist, he seems to have been intelligent, assiduous, and conciliatory; but he was subject to the not uncommon failing of unwillingness to offend foreign Ministers with whom he was intimate in private society. In both his negotiations he was constantly controlled and overruled by Mr. Pitt, who by no means shared either his credulity or his deference for the opinion of Versailles. In the commercial discussion, Mr. Eden seems to have frequently been in the right when he urged on his chief the expediency of making the Treaty popular in France by relaxing onerous conditions. When it became necessary to prohibit French interference in Holland, Mr. Pitt was fully justified in adopting the stern and menacing tone which compelled the French Government to abandon its designs; but there may probably have been some advantage in the employment of a friendly and courtly agent in the transmission of disagreeable communications. Polite pliancy in an Ambassador may be a useful quality when there is firmness and vigilance of the Minister at home to secure the country against the risk of having its rights complimented away.

The letters addressed to Lord Auckland by Lord Loughborough, which are the best in the collection, suggest a feeling of regret that a man so sagacious and resolute as the writer should have closed his career by a mischievous and contemptible intrigue. Mr. Pitt seems to have been wanting in the art of diffusing his confidence so as to extend the circle of his cordial adherents. His later allies were never thoroughly identified with his party, and if Lord Auckland was dissatisfied with his subordinate position, the Chancellor probably was seized with Protestant scruples rather from personal resentment than from any motive of ambition. As the event proved, Lord Loughborough had every thing to lose by a change, while it was impossible that he should obtain higher promotion. *Sic vos non nobis*—he manœuvred the Great Seal into the hands of Lord Eldon, while his friend and ally remained Postmaster-General under Addington, instead of under Pitt.

The first volume contains two or three lively and spirited letters from Lord Auckland's brother-in-law, Mr. Hugh Elliot, whose celebrated reply to Frederick the Great is quoted with some variation by the editor. The King, then in his old age, inquired, in a taunting tone, who was this great Hyder Ali who was then spreading desolation in the Carnatic. "Sire," replied the English Minister, "c'est un vieux despote militaire, qui commence à radoter." Another and more voluminous correspondent is Mr. Storer, the well-known diner out, who seems, like others of his profession, to have been haunted by an incessant regret at the trivial employment of considerable talents. Nevertheless, a clever talker and agreeable companion, who has spent his life in the best company, has, in comparison with the average of mankind, little reason to complain of his destiny. The life of a Chief Justice is probably happier, and that of a party leader is more exciting, but the discontented favourite of society would have been miserable as a foreign consul, as a post-captain on half pay, or as a country clergyman. Mr. Storer's gossip and anecdotes probably amused his correspondents; and after seventy or eighty years they acquire the artificial interest which belongs to all pictures of a past generation. There is no similar value in the letters of Mr. Huber, a Swiss, naturalized in England, resident in Paris, and belonging to no country in particular. The Revolution which he witnessed was more important than Mr. Storer's marriages and deaths, but the account of the crimes and follies of the time has lost its freshness by constant repetition. Mr. Huber himself, as a devoted admirer of Necker, naturally shared in all the contemporary delusions; but the shallowness and blindness of those who witnessed the early outbreak was universal, as well as complete.

Mr. Eden's Spanish journal, written for the amusement of his mother, combines a pleasant representation of his own domestic life with a curious record of the absurd existence of Continental kings in the last century. Happily, English fathers still take walks with their children, nor are they ashamed to help them, day after day, like Mr. Eden, in making bridges of stepping-stones over brooks, but the Court life which was invented by Louis XIV. is as obsolete as a tournament. Charles III. of Spain, and previously of Naples, was the best of the younger Bourbon race, for he gave his name and sanction, if not his assistance, to many internal reforms, as well as to acts of vigorous or ambitious foreign policy. The revenue and population of his kingdom increased largely during his reign, and at his death Spain was still regarded as one of the great Powers of Europe; yet the laborious frivolity of the proceedings which Mr. Eden describes when he was ambassador at Madrid was such that it would have been better to be a monk or a Lord Mayor's beadle than a royal Bourbon. Every day the King dined in public at eleven or twelve, with the Ministers and diplomatic body standing round his table in full court dress, while the

obscure public looked on at a distance. The princes and princesses went through the same ceremony, each in a separate room, and the unfortunate ambassadors were compelled to make a tour of the apartments, and sometimes to tender formal bows to an infant in the cradle. After dinner, the King went to shoot, attended by his eldest son, who alone in all the royal domains shared the privilege of pulling a trigger. Having killed a certain number of deer, or boars, or pheasants, driven past him by the beaters, Charles III. returned at a fixed moment, expecting to find all his family ready in full dress to receive him. The evening was spent, like the morning, in busy and constrained idleness, and the despotic Sovereign seems to have allowed himself scarcely a vacant interval for attention to public affairs. At last he died, during Mr. Eden's residence, and Charles IV. commenced the reign which terminated in a French prison. New arrangements were adopted in reference to the receptions, the shooting, and the Royal journeys, and the Ambassador remarks, not without humorous pathos, "It is melancholy to observe how soon the hobby-horses of the dead are turned out to grass." Yet the breed which then flourished at Aranjuez and at Caserta was the same which had been described a century before at Versailles and at Marly, by Dangeau and St. Simon. Modern kings and emperors may fairly congratulate themselves on a more serious, rational, and enjoyable mode of life.

WILD OATS AND DEAD LEAVES.*

IT is satisfactory to find that this book is not what it at first sight appears to be. It looks very like a miscellany made up by some literary chiffonnier, or dealer in cast-off writings from the Houndsditch of the book-trade, and published by him as a speculation on the strength of the recent death of the author. It may be quixotic to question the propriety of a practice which is so common, but it seems to us that the morality of the species of book-making we allude to savours a little of the commercial order. If an author abstain from disinterring certain of his writings, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it is because he prefers to let them sleep on in the periodicals where he has laid them—perhaps considering that there are enough books already in the world, perhaps suspecting that the cash to be gained will not cover the credit to be lost by republication. A man who has achieved any sort of reputation is naturally distrustful of those minor efforts of his genius which can add nothing to, and may detract considerably from it. Mr. Bright, for instance, would not like to incorporate among his orations on the law of primogeniture the invectives of his early days, delivered under the smart of some personal wrong, such as being helped last to pudding, or having to wear the outgrown waistcoat of an elder brother, although, no doubt, in logic and intensity they were equal to his subsequent performances. Nor would the late M. Soyer have considered the little mud pies of his childhood, however conscientiously manufactured, worthy of mention among his economical dishes for a small family. Every man in his own line, on special occasions and for temporary purposes, turns out more or less work of this sort, but it is hard that he should be held responsible for its permanent utility, and still harder that the profits arising from it should go into the pocket of another.

No doubt it is to a feeling of this sort on the part of the author that we owe the book before us. Mr. Albert Smith was perfectly aware of the tricks of the book trade. He knew that there were poachers who, in all probability, had already marked down his articles in various periodicals, and proposed to make a bag of them on the earliest opportunity. He saw looming on the railway book-stall of the future a flaring, yellow, eighteenpenny volume, printed on bad paper, with bad type, the text enlivened by old woodcuts and original misprints, and the cover adorned with a caricature of himself, after the tasteful manner of those who practise this kind of literary looting. He therefore wisely determined, as he could not avoid his fate, to anticipate it, and collect his sketches himself, so as to have, at any rate, the satisfaction of seeing them published by a respectable publisher, and of knowing that no unauthorized person was a penny the richer by them. We must say we commend his prudence, and recommend his example to all writers who have outlying papers. It is not pleasant, perhaps, to have to operate on oneself; but it is, in most cases, better than being operated upon by anybody else. In Japan, for instance, it is considered, in good society, far more respectable to rip yourself up than to allow the common executioner to practise upon you.

There is not much to be said about a book that has been produced in this way. The strongest fact that can be urged against it is its existence, for which, as has been shown, there are extenuating circumstances to be pleaded; and it is in all probability at least readable, seeing that it has been already read in one shape or another. That *Wild Oats* has, in addition to this, the merit of liveliness, we need hardly say. Whatever difference of opinion there may be about Mr. Albert Smith's profundity, no one can accuse him of being a heavy writer. He seems to have had an almost morbid fear of being suspected of a wish to convey information or instruction to anybody upon any subject. In his pre-

* *Wild Oats and Dead Leaves*. By Albert Smith. London: Chapman and Hall. 1860.

face to these papers, he puts it as the strongest argument in their favour that "no attempt to redress great wrongs, alter existing institutions, advance progress, or provide intellectual food for the masses will be found in them." The fact is, he had, what has been denied to many a greater man, a just sense of his own vocation and of the extent of his powers. He felt that his business was to amuse people, and not to teach them, and his honesty did not allow him to make any pretence of the higher calling while following the lower. No man, not even Mr. Carlyle, hated shams with a more perfect hatred. He did not, it is true, fly at the larger game. The gent and his jewellery, the conventionalities of middle-class society, the tourist who travels because it is "the thing," had quite enough of the windbag character for his purpose. His pet subjects, however, were claptrap and humbug; and the most amusing paper in the present book is one in which, in unmistakable terms, he charges the Directors of the Crystal Palace with dealing in these articles. "Pray be honest," he says. "Say boldly that your undertaking is a mere commercial, City speculation, in the hardest, clearest sense—that all your newspaper puffs are only other ways of shouting, 'Walk up, ladies and gentlemen!' 'Your sole aim is to collect the halfpence—Two pence more, and up go the fountains!'" This, it should be borne in mind, was written in 1854, when the Crystal Palace was just setting out on its mission "to inspire the masses with a love of art," which, as every one knows, it has since succeeded in doing as far as lobster salad and bigger songs go. The Opening Ceremony, on the 10th of June, is made merciless fun of in a burlesque, ending with a grand allegorical tableau representing the future, which shows Mr. Smith to have had a curious gift of prophecy. His programme, with a few trifling corrections, might serve as an advertisement of the Great Christmas Revels at Sydenham in 1860. According to the Tableau, the display was to be "under the direction of Chevalier Mortram;" according to the *Times*, "Mr. Nelson Lee will superintend the amusements." As Mr. Albert Smith saw them, "the entertainments were to be Julien's Band," "Madame Wharton's Poses Plastiques," "Egyptian Jugglers in the Temple of Abou Simbel," "Terrific Descent of Joel Il Diavolo," "Climbing the Greased Statues of Rameses for a Shoulder of Mutton," &c. As the Directors announced them, the entertainments were "to commence with Punch and Judy and the astonishing Marionettes, followed by the Wizard, Signor Poletti"—"Mr. J. H. Stead, well known as Weston's Cure"—"the Brothers Talleen, probably the most surprising gymnastes in this country"—"the Ohio Minstrels, who will sing their drollest songs and tell their funniest stories"—"Skating on the ornamental lakes"—and (by way of a halfpennyworth of bread) "the cotton machinery, which will be in motion daily." Of course it was a great shame to bully a well-intentioned body of gentlemen; but Mr. Smith gave them sound advice, as the result has shown:—"If you find the people merely walk through the courts, and say 'How pretty!'—as five minutes' observation will show you they do—don't get angry, and drag them back, and say to them, 'You shall be elevated,' because, if you bore them in that way, they won't come again. Watch which way their likings incline, and gratify those likings. You will only bewilder that old lady who has come up with a basket from Banbury, by endeavouring to make her take home a clear notion of the Byzantine and Renaissance styles of architecture." It is true he did not invariably practise what he preached. More than once we have had to warn him against making the same kind of mistake, and lecturing people who came to laugh.

The great bulk of the book consists of what the author describes as "my earliest attempts at magazine-writing when I was quite a young man, with very little trouble and very great spirits—when I had never to 'think' of a subject, or to hammer it out when once conceived." These are simply lively, harmless sketches, with taking titles, such as—"Mrs. Cruddles' Annual Attack," "Mr. Tonks and his Great Christmas Failure," "How Mr. Straggles went Cheap to Ascot," &c., and are not remarkable for anything—indeed, do not pretend to anything—except good animal spirits. They are, in fact, rather good specimens of the kind of comic article which used to be manufactured for the magazines some twenty years ago. Even still the style makes its appearance now and then in some of the older periodicals, but it is to all intents obsolete, and, beside the more *blasé* manner of modern times, it has an air of antique juvenility that reminds one of an old buck in stays and dyed whiskers. The comic muse has gone through a good deal since those guileless days when she was in the heyday of youth and spirits. At one time she bid fair to become a reading Muse, and from her own point of view studied history, grammar, jurisprudence, and with difficulty refrained from theology. Then she took to "seeing life," would not go home till morning, and called herself a Bohemian. Now, and no wonder, she sits with a wet towel round her head, and cries *Vanitas vanitatum*.

Wild Oats has a stronger claim on our good-will than any depending on its intrinsic merits as a book. It is a *souvenir* of one of the pleasantest entertainers London has ever had. It is, in fact, his legacy to the public which owes him already so many hours of amusement; for at the time of his death the preface to the volume had been only just written, and he was actually employed in correcting the last pages for the press. It is not necessary for us either to plead *de mortuis*, or to enter upon any discussion of his merits or shortcomings here. No man was ever more completely, and in the full

sense of the term, before the public than Mr. Albert Smith, and with no one was the public more completely at home. He conscientiously acted up to his own principle, "Watch which way their likings incline, and gratify those likings;" and the result was an *entente cordiale* of the most perfect description. Greater and wiser men have passed away from among us in 1860; but we doubt if any one of them is really missed by so large a number of people as Mr. Albert Smith.

DANISH BALLADS.*

IN the year 1586 Queen Sophie of Denmark, mother of Christian IV., visited the island of Hven to examine the instruments which Tyge Brahe had got made, "with unspeakably great trouble and expense, that he might learn the course of the heaven, the planets, and the stars." Her Princely Grace having beheld all these things with much delight and wonderment, found herself weatherbound by a storm, which detained her in the island for three days. The great astronomer cast about for means of amusing his Royal mistress. "Amongst other things," says Pastor Vedel, "the good man, Tyge Brahe, my gracious lord and good old friend, mentioned that I had our Danish histories in hand, and had even busied myself in bringing together sundry books of many old Danish ballads. In reading these the Queen gave her host to understand she would feel especial delectation and comfort." Vedel thereupon was introduced to the Royal presence, and his ballads were so successful that the Queen commanded their publication. They appeared accordingly in the year 1591, with a dedication to Queen Sophie, in quaint Danish, from which we have taken most of the foregoing particulars.

Such were the circumstances that led to the first collection of Scandinavian ballads. And the affectionate interest which the noble lady, the man of science, and the pastor here showed in the old popular poetry of their country has continued to this day to live and grow in the educated classes of Scandinavian society—saving their literature from the injurious influence of a pseudo-classicality—supplying their Oehlenschlaegers, Ingemanns, and Henrik Hertzes with subjects for their poems, romances, and dramas—and tending to keep alive an interest in the past which has induced many gifted Scandinavians to devote themselves to that critical study of the literary and material remains of northern antiquity, so fertile in results important to the history of their ancestors and our own. Besides, this collection of Vedel's has been the precursor of many others, not only in Denmark, but also in Sweden and Norway. Thus in Sweden, we have one collection by Geijer, the historian, and Afzelius, another by Arwidsson, a third by Hylten-Cavallius and our countryman Professor George Stephens. Landstad has published one hundred and thirty ballads current in the Norwegian dialects. Sophus Bugge, the eminent philologist, has also printed a small collection of Norse folk-lays. Even among the snows of Iceland the followers of Vedel have toiled successfully, and we possess the first part of a collection entitled *Tzlenzk Fornkvæðhi*, edited by S. Grundtvig and Jón Sigurdsson, which appeared at Copenhagen in 1854. The Faeroe Isles, strange to say, seem to possess a richer living ballad-literature than any country in Europe, except Servia. These islanders, says P. E. Müller,† use no instrumental music, but dance to songs, which are so numerous that, in the larger districts, the same song is seldom sung twice in the winter. Now one and now another is song-leader, and all who can sing join, at least in the *omqvæd*, or burden. There are two collections of these Faeroic ballads, one by Lyngbye; the other, by Pastor Hammershaimb, we have not seen; it is, we believe, still incomplete.

None of these can rival the collection of ancient Danish ballads of which the Society for the Promotion of Danish Literature has now published two-and-a-half quarto volumes. In his first *fasciculus*, the editor (Svend Grundtvig) writes himself down a lieutenant of infantry. The Danish army is to be congratulated if it possesses many officers with a tithe of his industry, learning, and enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that is justified, not only by the intrinsic excellence of the ballads in question, but also by the reflection that few things can tend more to bring about that union of the three northern kingdoms which all true Scandinavians desire, than the publication by scholars of each country of works like this of Grundtvig's, calculated as it is to command the love and admiration of every class, lettered and unlettered, of the sister-nations. The editor has done his work with the proverbial patience and conscientiousness of a German. His preface to each ballad embodies or refers to everything that can be found to illustrate it, not only in the Old-Norse literature, but in the Scandinavian collections above mentioned, and in our English and Scottish ballad-poetry. The fine ballads of Brittany have not been overlooked; and it is needless to say that the *volkslieder* of Germany are constantly referred to. Much, indeed, do we owe to these *volkslieder*. Putting aside their poetic worth, which has perhaps been overrated, they have led to that

* *Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser, udgivne af Svend Grundtvig.* 3. Dels 1. Hefte. Kjöbenhavn. Forlagt af Samfundet til den Danske Literatur Fremme. 1858.

† *Ancient Danish Ballads, Translated from the Originals.* By R. C. Alexander Prior, M.D. 3 Vols. Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† In the Introduction to Lyngbye's *Færiske Qvæder*. Randers. 1822. pp. 8, 10.

critical study of popular songs, legends, proverbs, and superstitions, for instituting which Denmark and the rest of Europe are indebted solely to German scholars. Some of these, no doubt, have ridden their hobbies to an absurd distance. A Herr von Trautvetter, for instance, in his *Key to the Edda*, makes the persons represent various chemical substances—Sigurdhr, for example, being muriatic acid, his death, of course, its evaporation. But the two Grimms and Adalbert Kuhn, to take only three from a crowd, are men whom great learning, industry and caution, joined with the necessary amount of poetic insight, have enabled to found that science of comparative mythology, which, with its sister, comparative philology, is destined to throw such light on the spiritual and social history of our race.

The first two volumes of Grundtvig's collection have already been cursorily noticed in this journal.* They contained the ballads embodying fragments of old Norse mythes, such as "Thor of Havsgaard" (which is the Eddaic *Hamsarheimt* minus that fine incident of Thrymr's terror at the eyes that glare upon him as he lifts the veil of the god disguised as Freyja), and "The Young Svendal," which Scandinavian scholars regard with peculiar interest, as proving that the Eddaic *Grágalds* and *Fölsvinnsmál* originally formed part of the same poem. Then we had the so-called champion-songs, three Norse ballads forming part of the great cycle of sagas concerning the Völsungs and the Niflungs; ballads about King Diderick of Bern (Theodoric of Verona); ballads relating to purely Scandinavian heroes, among which the noble *Hagbard and Signe*, and *Havnersvardet*, "the Avenger's Sword," are perhaps the most remarkable.

The second volume contains the ballads about giants, dwarfs, bearded, greentoothed Nökker (our Old-English *niceras*), mer-men, mermaids (differing from ours by possessing legs and prophetic powers), mer-giants, sea-trolls, elves, and mountain-trolls. Twelve ballads deal with the transformation of the hero or heroine into some bird or beast, and a crowd of *viser* illustrate the popular superstitions as to flying in a feather dress; as to the electro-biological power of runes, when duly written and cast; as to death resulting from being named during a combat; as to witchcraft, ghosts, and the water of life; and, lastly, as to the revelation of a murderer's name by a harp or other instrument made out of the bones of his victim. This last superstition we find in our Scottish ballad of *Binnorie*, and also, with slight changes in treatment, in the Esthonian songs and the Lithuanian *dainos*. One of the ghost-ballads, the *Mother under Mould*, as Grundtvig calls it, may here be quoted as a characteristic specimen of this class of Danish poetry:—

1. Swayne Dying he rode away, away;
And even I was young.
And there he won so bonny a may!
Fair words delight a many hearts.
2. They lived together six years and more,
And children seven to Swayne she bore.
3. So then came Death upon the land;
She died, the lovable Lilywand.
4. Then Swayne he rode away, away;
Again he won a second may.
5. He plighted his troth, and home they fared;
But she was cruel, and harsh, and hard.
6. They drove before his castle door;
There stood the children, weeping sore.
7. In sorrow stood the children small:
Away with her foot she spurned them all.
8. Nor bread nor ale she gave them there:
"Both hate and hunger shall ye bear."
9. She took away their bedclothes blue:
"Bare straw," she said, "is enough for you."
10. She took away their great wax-lights:
"Now lie in darkness all the nights."
11. One night the children wept aloud:
Their mother heard them, in her shroud.
12. She heard them in her grave so low:
"Surely I must to my little ones go."
13. She stood before our Lord in light:
"And may I go to my babes to-night?"
14. Full long she prayed, and so
At last He let her go.
15. "The cock will crow at dawn of day,
No longer shalt thou bide away."
16. She lifted up her weary bones,
She rent the walls and the marble stones.
17. As through the town she took her way
The dogs aloud began to bay.
18. When she came to the gate of the castle fair,
Her eldest daughter was standing there.
19. "My daughter, why are you standing here?
And how are your little sisters, dear?"
20. "My mother you could never be,
For she was fresh and fair to see."
21. "My mother was white, and her cheeks were red,
But you are pale, and like the dead."
22. "Oh, how should I be fresh and fair?
I long have lain in the kirkyard there."
23. "And how should I be white and red?
I long have dwelt among the dead."
24. She came into the castle-hall:
There stood her children, weeping all.
25. One's hair she braided and one she brushed:
The third she raised, the fourth she hushed.
26. The fifth she laid on her lap and pressed,
And then she gave the babe the breast.
27. She said to her eldest daughter: "Dear,
Tell Swayne Dying to come to me here."

28. And when he came within the room,
She spake to him in wrath and gloom.
29. "I left behind me bread and ale,
My babes with hunger-pangs are pale.
30. I left behind me bedclothes fair:
My children lie on straw so bare.
31. I left behind me great wax-lights:
They lie in darkness all the nights.
32. But if again they cry to me,
A heavy weid shall fall on thee."
33. Now crows the cock so red:
To earth go all the dead.
34. Now crows the coal-black cock,
And heaven's gates unlock.
35. Now crows the cock so gray:
I can no longer stay."
36. Whenever they heard the bandogs wail,
They brought the children bread and ale:
37. Whenever they heard the bandogs cry,
They feared the ghost was passing by:
38. Whenever they heard the bandogs bay,
They dreaded the ghost outside alway.*

Then come a series of ballads on subjects connected with Christian mythology—poetic renderings of legends about Christ and the Virgin, Herod, Magdalen, and several saints, and a ballad belonging to the wide-spread mediæval cycle of poems on the contention between the soul and body after death. The brevity of this tempts us to quote it, literally translated. The "they" in the third and following stanzas means the evil spirits who in the fifth try to tempt the soul, and failing therein are ultimately discomfited by three drops of Christ's blood which fall from heaven:—

1. The rich man carries the gold-cross on his breast
He thought so little on Jesus Christ!
Burden:—*The Tongue may tell but the Soul shall answer for the doom.*
2. Death then came into the rich man's house
Takes the rich man away before sunrise.
3. They set the soul on the rich man's mouth:
Then it banned the body that same hour.
4. They set the soul on the rich man's breast:—
"Let God the Father rede where it may find comfort."
5. They led the soul through so mirk a shaw
Where were goods, house and monies enough.
6. They set the soul on the scale, and
"Hast thou sinned enough I surely get thee still."
7. There came three blooddrops down on the scale
So all hell's spirits shuddered thereat.
8. When the soul had made its reckoning
Then it slept within heaven's gate.

Lastly, Grundtvig's second volume contains a series of ballads on ordeals and miracles, and winds up with the noble chant of *Henrik of Brunsvig*, which had strangely escaped all former collectors.

In the first half of his third volume, the Danish editor gives us an instalment of the ballads relating to historical personages. The separation of these from the classes above mentioned must be regarded as a matter of convenience rather than of principle. For in all these ballads, as in all the imaginative literature of the middle ages, the poet gives his characters—whether drawn from national, classical, or biblical antiquity—the manners and feelings which prevailed in his own country, and at his own time. Un-
taught himself, he could hardly have done otherwise; and if he had, he would have been unintelligible. Accordingly, when mention is made in the mythical or the champion ballads of sentinels keeping watch on the battlements (*murre-thinde*) while Siward leaps his horse over the castle-wall—his eyes shining "like the morning-star;" or when Sinild (= Chriemhild = Gudrun) and Brunhild go down to the strand to wash their silks—

ταὶ δ' ἀπ' ἀκτῆς
Εἰματα χερσὶν Ἰδωτο καὶ ἰσφόρον μίλαν ὕδωρ
Σταῖνον δ' ἐν βάθρῳι θοῶς ἐπὶ ἀποφύονσαι

or when the former "lets brew and blend wine," or when Ingerlille sees her lover's ship returning, and exclaims—

There I see the sails brown and blue:
I sewed them with my small fingers;

or when the King's daughter cuts out the champion Ranild's clothes, the balladist's work is just as valuable as illustrating the manners of his own time as any of the so-called historical songs which we have now before us. So, too, the ferocity and lasting spirit of revenge attributed to the heroes of the champion-ballads—respecting which we spoke in our former article—their energy and fulness of resource, as when the storm breaks the oars in Folker's hands, but his comrade, Hero Hagen, steers the galley to land with his gilded shield; their feeling of honour, as when Widrich Werlandson, instead of slaying him in his sleep, wakens, with a thrust of his spear's-haft, the giant Langben to mortal battle; their love for their horses and ships—a love which was sometimes returned, as in the ballad of "Ungen Ranild," where the hero's ship, hearing the blast of her master's horn, sails asunder the nine cables which kept her from the shore on which he stood triumphant—these characteristics, we say, deserve the attention of the historical student fully as much as the peculiarities of the actual kings, queens, warriors, and ladies who figure in Grundtvig's third volume.

Of these historical ballads, which all belong to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the finest, "King Valdemar and his Sister,"

* Dr. Prior's version of this ballad is unsatisfactory. Ours is taken, with many alterations, from one that appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1852.

* See the *Saturday Review*, August 28, 1858.

is, except perhaps "Helen of Kirkconnell," the most pathetic ballad purporting to relate an actual event with which we are acquainted. Its length, and still more its subject—the discovery of a lady's incontinence, and her execution by her own brother—preclude us from doing more here than pointing it out to the student. There are many others that come near it in tragic power. Nothing, indeed, is more characteristic of the Scandinavian balladists than their intense mournfulness; and Dr. Prior has well remarked their disposition (which they share with the Scotch) to give a tragical conclusion to stories that the Germans end agreeably. Even when describing a national victory, such as the battle of the Lena, the last in which Odin took part,* occurs a passage of which the simple pathos is scarcely translatable into English verse. Literally rendered, the original is thus:—

On then rode the Danish nobles; they uttered so good a word.
They slew out of the Wester-gylling men, as peasants mow corn.
The Danes they won so great a prize; it was so great a need,
It was so great a slaughter of men: so many were there dead!
They were full eighteen thousand men who fared thither from Denmark:
There came not back again but three and thrice five.
Between hill and dale both owl and eagle cried.
So many a widow wept and half so many more fatherless children.
The ladies they sit in bower waiting (till) their lords should come home:
The horse came home bloody and the saddle it was empty.

But on the whole, perhaps the most remarkable poems in Grundtvig's new volume are the cycle of ballads relating to Marshal Stig, on which Ingemann has built his romance of *Erik Menved's Childhood*. Of this, however, as of much else noteworthy, we cannot now speak, having still to render account of Dr. Prior's translations. These, then, are 173 in number, and on the whole give a faithful representation of the matter of the originals. But, as was to be expected from a gentleman who thinks the hero-ballads "coarse and sanguinary" (iii. 411), the manners and language of the old singers are strangely refined by coming under Dr. Prior's hands. The balladists in their English attire are really so genteel that they would hardly know themselves. *Enn druckenn mandt* becomes "a hairbrain man" under Dr. Prior's superintendence. Two girls, about to kill a knight who had murdered their father, are described in the Danish as drawing their swords *saa qvindelig*—so like women, unused to handle weapons—in contrast to the manly way they then cut down their foe. Now observe the air of elegance with which Dr. Prior invests this coarse transaction:—

With maidenly grace their swords they drew:
With manly courage the knight they slew. (iii. 274.)

Signe, again, according to Dr. Prior, says of her disguised lover as he lies in his mail-shirt beside her—

I never knew so fair a maid
To wear so coarse chemise. (i. 221.)

which is a much nicer word than that which stands in the original. One of the cocks that summon the ghost away in the ballad above quoted is refined by Dr. Prior into a "rooster." "Coarse and sanguinary" persons become "swains," and a girl is called "the fair," and both sexes "wait their flame," and "suffer love's gentle pangs," and have "graceful" forms and "lily" hands, and "glow with passion" and "revel in mutual bliss," or else "refrain from idle hopes," and console themselves with "soothing lays" and "limpid" floods, just as if they were the creations of what in the last century old Jacob Tonson used to call an eminent hand. The epithets, too, such as "blooming," "young and bashful," "fetid," "filthy," "dismal," with which Dr. Prior pads out his narrow-chested versicles, are often very pretty and imaginative. Occasionally, also, he relieves the monotonous solemnity of the original with turns of phrase which we take to be highly humorous. Thus:—

Sir Thule pursued him with deadly hits,
And cut Sir Gray to a thousand bits. (ii. 192.)
My dear, I had only stolen out
To gather some flowers and sundry kroust. (iii. 37.)

Still, on the whole, we prefer the prose part of Dr. Prior's work. He is obviously ignorant of Old-Norse, but he has diligently availed himself of the labours of Simrock, Wilhelm Grimm, Von der Hagen, and Rasmann, and thus got together, from the Edda and the sagas, much curious illustrative matter. He seems, too, very well read in the ballad-literature of Spain and in the *fabliaux* of the *trouvères*, and has thus been enabled to make many comparisons which the Danish editor was unable, or did not care, to institute.

HOME LIFE OF ENGLISH LADIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.†

CONTRIBUTIONS towards a knowledge of our ancestors' daily life are always valuable to those who seek, through antiquarian and literary research, to find a clue to many exploded ideas, obsolete fashions, and quaint forms, chiefly interesting as precursors of our own, which are destined in their turn to similar scrutiny and criticism. To compose a good picture of the domestic life of our countrywomen who have lain two centuries in their graves might satisfy any ordinary ambition, when we consider the rare qualifications necessary for the task. It requires strong

imagination to re-create, keen discernment to perceive, and impartial judgment to decide on the merits or demerits of a generation whose lights were not our own. It is not strange that these high requirements are in no way satisfied by *Home Life of English Ladies in the Seventeenth Century*, which is a somewhat tedious stringing together of biographical facts by obvious comments and commonplace reflections; and we regret that an interesting subject, to illustrate which there are ample materials, should not have met with worthier treatment.

In these days of antiquarian activity, old cabinets, carved scrutoires, and secret drawers have been ransacked, muniment chambers rifled, musty manuscripts deciphered, and an amount of domestic detail and autobiography brought to light which has more relative than positive value. If ladies published less in those days than they do now, they perhaps wrote more—their own pleasure in the occupation being the only necessary qualification. We feel astounded at the amount of self-inflicted labour which they endured by way of relaxation from household cares. As instances, we may mention Lady Warwick's minute journal, filling many volumes—Lady Fanshawe's and Mrs. Hutchinson's memoirs, written for their children—and Lady Halket, who, out of a busy life, employed five hours daily in devotion, yet left twenty volumes of folio and quarto size, each containing from four to five hundred pages of meditations, prayers, and resolutions, none of which were in her lifetime printed.

The close of the seventeenth century left the standard of female education at a far lower ebb than might have been supposed possible from its commencement. The brightness of the Elizabethan age was clouded in the succeeding reigns. High intellectual attainments were not so naturally fostered by the stormy struggles of the Civil Wars as lofty resolve and vigorous action. With the Restoration came a reaction in favour of universal license, and consequently female education was lowered in tone to the requisite frivolity. Though bound by different conventional rules from ours, we may find that ladies in the seventeenth century were exempt from many influences now hostile to individuality and assertion of character. We read records of women who, right or wrong, had the sincerest convictions and did not hesitate to strike out of the beaten track, rather than indolently acquiesce in generally received notions.

In *Home Life of English Ladies in the Seventeenth Century*, there are accounts of some characters selected for the obvious purpose of illustrating religious experience and describing spiritual conflicts. The admiration we can accord to several of these ascetic dames is not exactly of the sort we are expected to feel, yet we are bound to admire the moral courage shown in carrying out a line of conduct for which we have no sympathy. Honest bigotry is justly said to be more respectable than unreasoning assent to prevailing opinions. Whatever theological views these good ladies held, and in spite of the fulsome eulogies then in fashion, we may believe that "in one point they were alike—in the abundance of their good deeds and in their unconsciousness of their own excellence." The writer's ideal is evidently realized by some of these women, and she considers a secluded life of self-introspection more desirable than any outward activity. She commends close attention to household details, and insinuates a comparison between our own ladies and those of the seventeenth century, to the disparagement of the former. Minute domestic superintendence is not incompatible with mental cultivation, as some rare exceptions prove. The author adds that much time could not be spared to a course of multifarious and indiscriminate reading; but, on the other hand, those who sought to while away a leisure hour in indolent vacuity of thought "did not then find in a book the readiest means of accomplishing their purpose." According to her, they read a few good books, they annotated and filled elaborate journals. Holding that "too much study is sloth," literary occupation was looked upon by these ladies rather as an indulgence permitted to vacant moments than as the prime occupation of the day. She says that they sought self-advancement only in their intellectual labours, "not mere literary repute." Difficulty in having their writings published may, however, have had as much weight in the matter as superior modesty. The education of young ladies of rank in the time of Charles I. comprised "working all sorts of fine works with the needle, learning French, singing, lute, the virginals, and dancing." In a portrait of Lady Anne Clifford, at the age of thirteen, taken at the close of Elizabeth's reign, there are books introduced from which we may form an idea of her studies. "Amongst them were the works of St. Augustine and Eusebius, Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, Camden, and Cornelius Agrippa."

There was a contemptible practice once in fashion of making women the subject of bombastic panegyrics which, had they been less fulsome, might have passed for truth, and so led us to exaggerate the learning, worth, and beauty of the praised. The height, or rather depth, beyond which flattery could no further go, may be realized by what was lavished on the notorious Duchess of Newcastle. She was the daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, and second wife of the first Duke of Newcastle. Naturally bashful, her timidity was increased by a life of great seclusion in her own family; yet it did not prevent her from overcoming their unanimous opposition to her romantic and generous determination to become a maid of honour at the breaking out of the Civil War, when the Queen was less numerously attended than in happier

* Grundtvig III. 219, citing Inge Baardsøn's saga.

† *The Home Life of English Ladies in the Seventeenth Century*. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." London: Bell and Daldy. 1860.

times. Perfectly unsuited for Court life, we do not wonder that Margaret Lucas longed to escape from its embarrassments. Though her decision had been taken rashly, she did not desert the falling fortunes of the Queen, and accompanied Henrietta Maria in her flight to France. In Paris, the "shy affrighted Maid of Honour" was married to the historic Marquis of Newcastle, who left his country after the defeat of Marston Moor. Deprived of his fortune, the Marquis and his wife were forced to lead a life of extreme poverty in Holland. Nobly she bore adversity, and it was left to prosperity to develop her folly. The Restoration gave the marquis a ducal coronet and ruined estates. The new Duchess, authoress of *Philosophical Fancies*, the *World's Olio*, &c., roused a *furor* in London. "People thronged around the Palace to catch a glimpse of her coming to Court, as if it were the Queen of Sheba herself." Pepys has recorded her eccentric behaviour and costume—her "antick dress," as he called it. Evelyn, in one of his letters addressed to her, after ransacking his memory for the names of all the literary ladies that ever lived, from Zenobia to Mrs. Philips, "our late Orinda," comes to this conclusion:—"All these, I say, summed together, possess but that divided which your Grace retains in one; so as Lucretia Marinella, who writ a book in 1601, 'Dell' eccellenza delle Donne, con difetti e mancamenti degli Huomini,' had no need to have assembled so many instances and arguments to adorn the work, had she lived to be witness of Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, to read her writings, and to hear her discourse of the sciences she comprehended." Mrs. Evelyn's amusing account to Dr. Bohun of her visit to the Duchess is far more creditable to her honesty. She was received in a "kind of transport," and adds, "I acknowledge, though I remember her some years since, and have not been a stranger to her fame, I was surprised to find so much extravagancy and vanity in any person not confined within four walls." After describing her Grace's manner, appearance, and conversation, she says—"At last I grew weary, and concluded that the creature called a Chimera, which I had heard speak of, was now to be seen, and that it was time to retire for fear of infection; yet I hope, as she is an original, she may never have a copy. Never did I see a woman so full of herself, so amazingly vain and ambitious." That she was outrageously flattered we also know, both by the *savans* of the day and different learned societies. "She was hailed as Margaret, the First Princess of Philosophers, who hath dispelled errors, appeased the difference of opinions, and restored peace to learning's commonwealth." The Rector of the University of Leyden styles her "the chief of women." The Vice-Chancellor and Senate of Cambridge had the effrontery to declare, "Whenever we find ourselves nonplussed in our studies, we repair to you as our oracle; if we be to speak, you dictate to us; if we knock at Apollo's door, you alone open to us; if we compose an history, you are the remembrancer; if we be confounded and puzzled among the philosophers, you disentangle us, and assail our difficulties."

Her love and genuine admiration for the Duke was greater than her delight in the sensation she created and the ovations she received; for, in accordance with his wish, she retired into simple country life, which best suited his taste and age. In her country home, leisure and release from society enabled the Duchess to devote herself to her husband and to the perpetration of those egregious literary follies which brought her such unenviable notoriety. On the stately monument erected by the Duke to her memory in Westminster Abbey, her fame as a writer is extolled. The inscription also records, "She was a most virtuous, and careful, and loving wife, and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries; and when she came home, never parted with him in his solitary retirements." After all is said, she was something more than the "mad, conceited, ridiculous woman" Pepys has written her down.

It was not to be expected that women should not share in the prejudices, as well as in the troubles, of religious persecutions. The sad life of the devotee Countess of Warwick, the zeal and endurance displayed by Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Basire, and others, in their different trials, deserve our admiration. The most favourable representatives of the sex are to be found at the commencement of the century in the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, and, towards the end, in the wife of John Evelyn. The former was the only child of the Earl of Cumberland, one of the most brilliant courtiers of Elizabeth's time, but not fortunate in his marriage with a daughter of the Earl of Bedford, a good and pious woman, from whom he separated, and to whom he granted the guardianship of their child. The Lady Anne Clifford grew up, as she herself has said, "a happy creature, in mind, body, and fortune"—the most intelligent and beautiful woman of her day. If Queen Elizabeth had lived, she would have held an appointment at Court, for in her journal, Lady Anne says, "At that time, there was as much hope and expectation of me, both for my person and my fortune, as of any young lady whatsoever." The father dying, the Barony of Clifford and the landed estates were entailed on his daughter, who was first married to Richard, Earl of Dorset, and afterwards united by George Herbert to the degraded Philip, Earl of Pembroke, from whom at last she was forced to separate. She touchingly writes of her husbands, "It was my misfortune to have contradictions and crosses with them both;" and we agree with the author that her description of them is all the more pathetic from the dignified reluctance with which she utters her complaints. The strong-minded, strong-hearted woman says that

there were not wanting "malicious ill-wishers to blow and foment the coals of dissension between us; so as, in both their lifetimes, the marble pillars of Knowle in Kent, and Wilton in Wiltshire, were to me oftentimes but the gay harbours of anguish; inasmuch as a wise man that knew the insides of my fortune would often say that I lived in both these my Lords' great families as the river Roan or Rhodanus runs through the Lake of Geneva, without mingling any part of its stream with that lake; for I gave myself up wholly to retirement as much as I could in both those great families, and made good books and virtuous thoughts my companions, which can never discern affliction, nor be daunted when it unjustly happens; and by a happy genius I overcame all these troubles, the prayers of my blessed mother helping me therein." Her widowhood of twenty-seven years was rich in noble deeds. It was spent in the North, where she visited, at stated intervals, the ancestral castles she rebuilt or repaired. She was the foundress and adorer of numberless churches, almshouses, and schools, sheltering those endangered by their political opinions, and dispensing bounty and hospitality to all. She was a liberal benefactress, also, to the ejected clergy. A calm old age crowned her life, for she was universally beloved. She expressed the happiness she felt in the ancient castles of her inheritance, "for a wise body ought to make their own homes the place of self-fruit and the comfortablest part of their life." She declared—"I do more and more fall in love with the contentment and innocent pleasures of a country life." This illustrious and most energetic lady is mentioned by Horace Walpole amongst his *Noble Authors*. Her words, according to Bishop Rainbow, "were always seasoned with salt—savory, but not bitter." Her memory was kept alive and venerated amongst the peasantry of Westmoreland and Cumberland for more than a century after her death, and her good deeds still survive.

A large part of the volume now under consideration is devoted to the Evelyn family, and rarely do we read of people who so admirably combined a love for rural life with literature. Studious retirement, not isolation, was what John Evelyn sought. His tastes, worth, and accomplishments the world has long since known, but his wife's merits are less prominent, though fully appreciated by the distinguished society of which she was a member. Faithful to the Crown, Mr. Evelyn joined the King's army at Brentford, but that he had not the temperament of a hero we may judge from the fact that, on the day the battle of Edge Hill was fought, after seeing Portsmouth delivered up to Sir William Waller, "he was able to make a careful archaeological survey of the city of Winchester, calmly noting its castle, church, school, and King Arthur's Round Table." Knowing this characteristic trait, we are not surprised that he left his distracted country for the pleasures of foreign travel. On returning from Italy he visited Paris, and at the English Embassy met his future wife, the daughter of the Ambassador, Sir Richard Browne. He married her when she was little more than fourteen, and some months afterwards left her, as he admits, "still very young," under the appropriate care of her mother, whilst he transacted business in England. The Prince de Condé besieged Paris, and a year and a-half elapsed before Evelyn rejoined his wife. The Embassy was an asylum for English exiles; in it Mrs. Evelyn acquired the more polished manners of French society without losing her naturally simple tastes. That she cannot have formed a favourable opinion of English refinement we know from the contrast which her husband draws between the two countries in his *Characters of England*, written when they returned from the Continent and took up their abode at Sayes Court, the property of Sir Thomas Browne, whose estate had been considerably curtailed during the Commonwealth. The manor-house at Deptford, its garden and guests, are familiarly known to the readers of Evelyn's Diary. It was afterwards occupied by Admiral Benbow, and let to the Czar, who greatly destroyed its beauty. Mrs. Evelyn was an experienced housewife, and had a special eye "to the care of cakes, stilling, and sweetmeats, and such useful things." "The hospitality of Sayes Court, which was accepted by Royalty and extended to *savans*, divines, and men of letters, was not withheld from the country neighbours at Deptford." Certainly, her own words depict her practice, for she considered "the care of children's education, observing a husband's commands, assisting the sick, relieving the poor, and being serviceable to her friends, of sufficient weight to employ the most improved capacities." That Mrs. Evelyn had close insight into character and great nicety of judgment, we learn from her contemporaries, as also that her "great discernment and wit" were never abused. Ever sedate and kindly, she bore a succession of family bereavements with Christian resignation. Her biography is uneventful, but not uninteresting, as a charming example of the life of an English gentlewoman in the seventeenth century. Well authenticated sketches of notable, though not renowned characters, however executed, have always the value of truth to command attention.

SULPICIOUS SEVERUS ON THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.*

THE old race of classical scholars in Germany is fast passing away. In the first half of our century, almost every German university could boast of a Greek or Latin scholar of world-wide reputation. There was Wolf at Berlin, Niebuhr at

* *Ueber die Chronik des Sulpicius Severus*. Von Jacob Bernays. Berlin: 1861.

Bonn, Hermann at Leipzig, Otfried Müller at Göttingen, Thiersch at Munich, Lobeck at Königsberg, Creuzer at Heidelberg—names which will live as long as the classics are studied at our schools and universities. There was a later generation of scholars, worthy successors of their masters, though less widely known—Lachmann at Berlin, the other Hermann at Göttingen, Schneidewin, Bergk, Passow, and others. They, too, have passed away, and at the present moment there are but scanty signs of a third generation following in their steps, at all equal to those who went before them. There are a few of the old race still living and working. There are Böckh, Welcker, Dindorf, and Bekker; and, of the second generation, there still remain Rietschl, Haupt, and some others. But their principal work is done, and they are no longer able to impart that life and vigour to the study of the ancients which distinguished the Continental universities during the period of the Napoleonic wars and afterwards. Classical scholarship, however, is by no means extinct in Germany, and we receive from time to time contributions to our knowledge of Greek and Latin literature most remarkable for their ingenuity, their learning, and their research. Foremost among those for whose writings we have of late looked out in every new German catalogue, stand the names of Bernays, Mommsen, and Curtius. Mommsen, the author of the new *History of Rome*, is no longer a stranger to the students of classical antiquity in England, for his history has lately been published in an English translation. The name of Curtius also, the author of the *History of Greece*, is by this time familiar to most students in this country, whereas we believe that Jacob Bernays, though in many respects the most remarkable, is but little known. To a great extent this is his own fault; for, with the exception of his edition of *Lucretius*, and his *Life of Scaliger*, all his other works are scattered about in reviews, or contained in small pamphlets. We call them works all the same, for some of his short notices in the *Rheinische Museum*, and some of his dissertations on Heraclitus, Aristotle, and Hippolytus, weigh heavier in the balance of critical scholarship than many a quarto or folio. "Ex ungue leonem" applies to every scrap signed by his name. But for all that, it is really tantalizing to see a man of such unusual learning, acuteness, taste, and grasp of mind wasting himself in what we can only call a kind of philological guerilla warfare, instead of bringing his whole power boldly in the field, and winning battles such as were won by Wolf and Hermann. We hardly know, after reading his last pamphlet on Sulpicius Severus, whether we feel more pleased or more provoked. Every page teems with information, and there are feats of conjectural criticism such as we hardly ever meet with in the works of other living scholars. It may be a satisfaction to Dr. Bernays to take his readers by surprise. After reading his last essay on the *Katharsis* of Aristotle, every one would have thought that a man so familiar with the Stagirite as to find the scent of some lost passages of the *Poetics* in Iamblichus, Proclus, and similar writers, must have given all his time for years to the study of Greek philosophy. His next essay, however, is on a Christian chronicler, and here again Dr. Bernays displays a familiarity with the literary productions of the fourth century after Christ which even Gibbon might have envied. It may be a satisfaction to the author thus to show what he can do, and to make others feel that they could not do the like. But Dr. Bernays could do better things. Perhaps we blame him unjustly, for, to judge from some of his remarks, all these small treatises of his may be intended for a greater work which he has been preparing for years—a history of classical and biblical philology. They may only be what another writer used to call "the shavings of his plane." If so, we beg his pardon, but we must express a hope that he may not lose much more of his precious time in polishing what even now would probably be quite sufficiently smooth and bright if once turned out of his workshop.

The *Chronicle* of Sulpicius Severus, or Severus Sulpicius, is a compendium of sacred history, and was evidently intended to be read by the public at large, whether converts to Christianity or no. It seems that among the highly-educated and fastidious ranks of society, particularly in Gaul, the very language and style of the Old and New Testament formed an obstacle to the diffusion of Christianity. People who were proud of their own unimpeachable Ciceronian Latinity could not bring themselves to read the Latin of the translations of the Bible. "Even the young Augustine," Dr. Bernays writes, "the son of a believing mother, after Cicero's *Hortensius* had roused his slumbering powers, and after he had acquired a taste for the Bible, could not take a permanent delight in it because it seemed to be so unworthy of comparison with the *Tulliana dignitas*. Not only amusing, but truly instructive as to the state of feeling in the more cultivated ranks of society of those times, is the description of St. Jerome, who, after spending a night in fervent prayer, takes up in the morning a comedy of Plautus, then repents, takes the Prophets, but feels repelled by their style, '*sermo horrebat inultus*.' If this happened to men of thoughtful minds, what must have been felt by men like Ausonius, who certainly was not an exception, but rather a type of the society of Aquitania? It is no longer doubtful to any sober historian that Ausonius, the tutor of the pious Emperor Gratianus, the first Emperor who divested himself of the pagan dress of *Pontifex Maximus*, belonged to the Christian community. But neither is it doubtful, and all his writings prove it, that he did not know

the Bible except from hearsay. He and the other Aquitanian professors whom he celebrates in his poems would have suffered any torture or disgrace rather than the torture of reading solecisms, and the disgrace of having their mouths or pens contaminated by such barbarisms as are found in every verse of the *Itala* or the *Septuagint*."

The work of Sulpicius Severus reminds us, in some respects, of the *Christa-sangita*—a Sanskrit poem, in which the late Dr. Mill embodied the whole Gospel history. It was written in such a form as not only not to offend, but actually to please, the most fastidious Brahmins. They consented to read, in Dr. Mill's *Slokas*, what, in the more literal translations of the missionaries, they could not bear even to listen to. It was the same with the *Sacred History* of Sulpicius Severus. Written as it is in close imitation of good classical Latin, it received a hearing, on account of its style, in quarters where the unadorned language of the Bible would never have been admitted. Sulpicius Severus received the title of the Christian Sallust, and he might with equal justice have claimed that of the Christian Tacitus. Dr. Bernays shows by numerous extracts the extraordinary closeness with which Sulpicius imitated these authors. It is not that he copied them as schoolboys would copy a phrase of Cicero; but his memory was so imbued with Tacitean phrases that his thoughts were naturally cast in that peculiar style. In some instances, however, it is clear that Sulpicius, while writing, had the very MS. of Tacitus lying before his eyes. He transfers whole sentences from Tacitus, with but slight variations, to his own pages, just as a modern historian might adopt the quaint wording of an ancient chronicle from which he draws his evidence. It would require a close examination of such parallel passages, as given by Dr. Bernays from Sulpicius and Tacitus, in order to do full justice to the ingenious manner in which the work of Sulpicius is used by him in turn for illustrating the text of Tacitus. Dr. Bernays, in his essay on Aristotle's *Poetics*, had employed exactly the same process for illustrating the text of Aristotle by passages from Iamblichus. Iamblichus, he argued, had before him the complete text of Aristotle's *Poetics*; therefore, when Iamblichus gives an abstract of Aristotle in Aristotle's style and not in his own, we may supply from the pages of Iamblichus the omissions in our own imperfect text of the *Poetics*. By applying the same reasoning to the work of Sulpicius Severus, Dr. Bernays has opened a new mine of historical information. It is known that the second half of the fifth book, and all the following books of Tacitus' *Historia* are lost. These contained, among other things, the description of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem. Tacitus had promised, in the second chapter of the fifth book, to describe that event (*famosæ urbis supremum diem tradituri sumus*); nor is there any doubt that, at the time of Sulpicius Severus, and even later, complete MSS. of Tacitus were in existence. Now the account which Sulpicius Severus gives of the destruction of Jerusalem differs in one very essential point from the account given by Josephus. There was no necessity for burning the Temple and destroying the city, and the responsibility of this act of random barbarism rested on the shoulders of Titus. Titus was the patron of Josephus, and Josephus wrote under the eye and under the censorship of the Emperor. Now Josephus is most anxious to show that the burning of the Temple and the destruction of Jerusalem were due to the obstinacy of the Jews and to accidental circumstances, and that Titus had endeavoured by all means in his power to avert the fate of the sacred city. He actually tells us what passed at a council of war where Titus is reported by him as having prevailed on his generals to spare the magnificent Temple and the city. Dr. Bernays rejects all this as we should reject a *communiqué* in the Imperial *Moniteur*. He throws the whole responsibility of the sack of Jerusalem on Titus; and he accuses him and his client Josephus of prevarication. And how? Sulpicius Severus, he says, gives a different account of the destruction of Jerusalem and of the council of war which preceded it. He simply says that a council of war was held, and that at that council Titus insisted on the necessity of destroying both Temple and city, in order to eradicate the religion of the Christians, which was based on the religion of the Jews. Such a statement, diametrically opposed to that of Josephus, would be of little value if it rested on the authority of a Christian chronicler of the fourth century after Christ. It assumes a perfectly new character in the hands of Dr. Bernays. As Sulpicius on many other points has been shown to follow implicitly the *History* of Tacitus, Dr. Bernays concludes that his account of the destruction of the temple, and of the part taken by Titus at the council of war, rests on no less an authority than that of Tacitus. We believe this conjecture is perfectly right. Tacitus wrote when the removal of Domitian had rendered any tenderness towards the Flavian dynasty unnecessary. Tacitus did not consult the work of Josephus, but he had access to sources of information which were not open to Josephus. If he did not know the generals themselves who were present at the council of war presided over by Titus, he must have known their friends and relations. There was no motive why Tacitus should throw any undeserved blame on Titus, whereas there was every inducement for Josephus to remove an imputation of cruelty from the head of his patron, the merciful Titus. Sulpicius writes as if simply relating facts; and in the same spirit it is probable that Tacitus himself had written his description of the destruction of Jerusalem and of the council of war. If a MS. of the fifth book of

the *Historie* should ever be recovered, there is every reason to suppose that the account of the destruction of Jerusalem and of the part acted by Titus would be very much the same as that which Dr. Bernays has distilled from Sulpicius Severus, by simply correcting in the account of the Christian historian what is not quite in harmony with the style of Tacitus and with the rules of classical Latin.

Here, then, we have a fact brought to light by minute research and close reasoning which will necessitate an alteration in every history of the Jews and in every history of the world. We congratulate Dr. Bernays on his happy discovery—a discovery remarkable alike for the patient research which alone could have led to it and for the quick and sure sight with which it was caught.

ALL ROUND THE WREKIN.*

WE very much fear that the encouragement which Mr. White has received will induce him to publish a stout volume of travels every year. We say that we fear this, not because Mr. White is deficient in the qualities of a good companion, but because we dread the indiscriminate multiplication of works for which no adequate object can be assigned. Before the facility of writing was so generally diffused, and the facilities for obtaining circulation without patronage so alluring, the public had some security against books being printed without some definite claim to attention in virtue of their matter or style. This protection is now withdrawn, and literary consumers are at the mercy of literary producers. It is common to rail at the practice of "reading books in reviews," and it is certainly rather trying to an author that the labours of months or years should occupy but twenty minutes of a reader's time. But the excuse for such a habit is the sheer hopelessness of selecting, much more of mastering, the readable percentage of the contents of a circulating library. Reviewers act like the "Petition Committee" of the House of Commons—making themselves responsible that no application for a hearing shall go entirely unconsidered, while they save the public whole weeks of unremunerative labour.

The merits of Mr. White's *All Round the Wrekin* are those which belong to all that he writes—a genuine interest in country sights and pursuits—a very intelligent inquisitiveness, coupled with the art of putting the right questions to the right person—a considerable acquaintance with several subjects cognate to the love of scenery, such as history, antiquities, and geology—and great good humour in the detail of his simple adventures. Its defect is, that while its arrangement and want of a map disqualify it for a guide-book, its extreme minuteness, yet frequent obscurity of description make it very difficult to follow it away from the localities. Mr. White is on good terms with his readers, and, having taken notes of everything that he saw, unreservedly communicates it all, without restricting himself to the terms of his title, which we believe is borrowed from a well-known Shropshire toast. In fact, of the thirty-four chapters in the volume, only fourteen relate to Shropshire at all. The remainder include elaborate accounts of the Birmingham hardware trades, excursions into Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, and Worcestershire, and a short stay at St. Bernard's Abbey, not far from Burton-on-Trent. To dive into the immense variety of subjects which such a survey embraces, merely because this very observant and painstaking tourist has taken an interest in them, is a dead-lift effort of docility on the part of a reader; and we must fairly confess that, agreeably as most of it is written, we should prefer studying manufactures in professional treatises, and, in some cases, getting the net result of the author's experience without toiling with him through the process of obtaining it.

A still graver defect in the free-and-easy style of writing travels, of which Mr. White is a master, is the affectation of disposing of very serious and difficult subjects by a kind of literary back-bander. For instance, the author falls in, near Cold Hatton, with—

a young man who, holding an open hymn-book in his hand, evidently enjoyed his exercise. "Are you going straight away to heaven?" I asked, with a smile, as we both stood still.

"Yes," he answered; "will you go with me?"

"What would you say if I should wish to go to Wem first?"

"I'd say you'd better go with me."

"Why—are you a local preacher?"

"Well—I am a local preacher; and if you go with me you shall hear something that's most worth thinking about."

"And what's that?"

"Going to heaven."

"And is it that which a man ought most to think about?"

He looked at me in utter amazement, and replied, "How would you like to be put into one of them great blazing furnaces where they melt iron?"

"I shouldn't like it at all."

"Well then?"

"Well then?" and we stood looking one at the other.

He returned to the charge with "You had better come and hear me preach."

"Where?—In one of those little places which your country-folk describe as nice and close?"

"Well, it will be pretty warm to-day."

"That is one reason why I can't accept your invitation: another is, that I can't put trust in sermons preached in a foul atmosphere. Moreover, it

seems to me that many people distress themselves about going to heaven, who take but little heed to their way of life on earth. I will go and hear you when you recognise the necessity for fresh air and plenty of it; when you discern rightly the dependence between here and hereafter; when the wife who hears you shall understand that thrift and cleanliness in house and family are a part of Christian duty; when the village grocer shall do unto his customers that which he would they should do unto him; when the labourer digging a ditch in a far-away field all by himself, shall work as diligently, and finish-off as carefully, as if his master were standing by. If I mistake not, these would be acceptable as first steps on the journey to which you invite me."

Here Mr. White evidently supposes that he administered a knock-down blow, and demonstrated, in a single paragraph, the worthlessness of popular piety. To us his homily appears extremely illogical and far-fetched, and we suspect that most field-preachers would find little difficulty in refuting it. In another passage he coolly reckons "among the sweetest of our Sabbath-day privileges"—not going to church, but—"stepping silently into the porch of a village church on a quiet Sunday morning, and there sitting down in cool shadow, listening to the hum without and the hum within." Such a religionist was perhaps hardly qualified to enter into the sentiment of the monastic system. All unconscious, however, of any such spiritual deficiency, Mr. White informs us that, after viewing the church at St. Bernard's Abbey, he wrote with admirable audacity to the Father Superior, "telling him that his convent seemed to me one of the most surprising among the religious phenomena of the present day, and inquiring whether a longer visit than mine had been could be granted to a stranger, giving him at the same time to understand, in common fairness, that in case of an affirmative I might wish to put my observations into print. The reply, alike prompt and courteous, assured me of a welcome, and the privilege of staying a week if I inclined so to do." But our author—who "does" whole counties in a fortnight, and treats on the mysteries of hardware manufactures after a single day's inspection—limits himself to one night, and, after conversing, pencil in hand, with the "guest-master" and the Abbot, discusses the theory of cenobite asceticism with the confidence of a man who has seen and felt all that it can teach.

With these drawbacks, however, Mr. White has produced a book to which (under protest) we can award the praise that it is good of its kind. Shropshire is a peculiarly favourable county for such explorations. The extraordinary diversity of its geological structure gives a great variety to its scenery, and many opportunities for those retrospects into the remote past which are Mr. White's forte. Shrewsbury and Ludlow are among the most interesting old towns in England; Hawkstone, Powis Castle, and Apley rank high among our noble country seats; Ludlow and Bridgnorth Castles are rich in historical associations; Wenlock and Lillieshall can boast two beautiful ruined abbeys; while Wroxeter possesses a unique monument of Roman civilization in Britain. Few, if any, midland or southern counties contain so many summits commanding extensive panoramas, and such hills as the Wrekin, the Longmynd, Caradoc, Stiperstones, Brown Clee, and Tilterstone Clee, are veritable giants in the catalogue of our mimic mountains. Besides, if Mr. White is to be trusted, Shropshire abounds in specimens of homely and secluded villages, inhabited by substantial farmers and well-fed labourers, baking their own bread, making their own butter and cheese, and brewing their own ale, and enjoying much of the primitive independence and comfort which we love to attribute to rural life in the olden times. It is only in Shropshire that one can compliment a labourer on his jolly looks, as a proof that his work agrees with him, and receive for answer, "It's some'tat besides work; I eats a few butcher's chips every week—them's the things for looking happy on." It is only in a Shropshire village—and perhaps even there it is only if he have the rough-and-ready address of Mr. White—that a traveller can habitually realize the charm of "dropping in under a sign where the ale is good, and dining with the family." The border country which long parted the two great parent stocks of the English race seems still to retain the largest share of our ancient usages; and Mr. White goes so far as to believe that in "the western portion of Shropshire" is to be found "the most perfect representation of real English character." Whether this be so or not, we are sure that no one will blame him for the affectionate zeal with which he has treasured up all the little peculiarities of rustic manners and dialect which are really the chief charm of his narrative.

The following is a fair example of the higher skill which he sometimes shows in grouping reminiscences of the past. The site described is Bridgnorth Castle, where Cromwell narrowly escaped being struck with a musket ball in 1645:—

From 1102, when Robert de Belesme built the castle with almost incredible rapidity, to strengthen his opposition to Henry I., only to see it speedily captured by the king, Bridgnorth was a royal fortress, until Charles I. gave it to one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber. The kings who marched this way to the conquest of Wales, made it their resting-place: here the swift arrow flying to the heart of Henry II. was intercepted by the breast of a faithful knight; here lodged Thomas à Becket; here came John with his superstitious relics; here returned young Edward victorious from the field of Evesham; here the second Edward sought refuge from the pursuit which ended so fearfully for the monarch at Berkeley; here was the rendezvous ordered by Henry IV.:—

"The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward;
On Thursday, we ourselves will march:

* *All Round the Wrekin*. By Walter White, Author of "A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End," "A Month in Yorkshire," and other Books of Travel. London: Chapman and Hall. 1860.

Our meeting is in Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet."

And hither in a succeeding century came the first Charles Stuart, when the ominous clouds were gathering about him. The townsfolk still repeat his saying, that this Castle Walk was the finest walk in his kingdom.

There are reminiscences of yet earlier days: of the Lady Ethelfleda, and the castle she built on the eminence now known as Pam-pudding hill; of Ethelward, King Athelstan's brother, who dwelt in a hermitage in the forest of Morfe, which once covered that fair region outspread before us: a cave in the sandstone cliff by the side of the road as you go hence to Wolverhampton, remains to show where it was that the royal hermit found a retreat. Old camps may be seen in the neighbourhood: Quatford, down the river, was for a winter the refuge of the Danes, whom Alfred circumvented on the river Lea; the marauders crossed the island to the great forest on the bank of the Severn, hoping to build ships, and escape down the river. Quat is said to be the Saxon form of the ancient British word Coed—forest; and probably because good hunting was there to be had, Roger de Montgomery liked it best of all his manors, and built a castle thereon, and a church. The ship in which the Lady Adeliza, his second wife, was crossing the sea from Normandy, being caught in a fearful storm, and in peril of wreck, it was revealed to a monk in a dream, that her promise to build a church to St. Mary Magdalene on the spot where she should first meet her husband would avert the danger. He told his dream; the promise and the vow were given, and Quatford Church stands on the hilltop where the meeting took place, still retaining some portions of Earl Roger's walls, and near to a few gnarly oaks which you might fancy old enough to have witnessed the consecration of the original edifice. Below Quat the Severn flows past Billingsley, where Harold had an interview with Griffin, Prince of Wales, and Algar the rebel; then having watered the slopes of the forest of Wyre, it quits Shropshire for Worcestershire at Bewdley, which our old antiquary describes as "a town sett on the side of an hill, so comely, a man cannot wish to see a towne better."

Earl Robert's transference of his seat from Quat to Bridgenorth, led to the building of a second church to St. Mary Magdalene; and now it stands a feature in the singularly picturesque view of the town which delights the traveller's eye as he reaches the spot where the road from the Black Country crosses the distant brow. The church was collegiate, and interests us by having had William of Wykeham as one of its prebends. And as we look down upon the Low Town at the foot of the bluff, and scan the ancient Cartway, we remember that there stands the decaying timbered house in which Bishop Percy was born: a name dear to every one who loves the poetry of his fatherland.

Future editors of Handbooks for Shropshire will find in Mr. White's pages a convenient repository of materials. But the true value of such a book, and that which atones for some egotism and many uncalled-for disquisitions on things in general, is not the information which it conveys, but its tendency to popularize the taste for quiet country scenes. It is something to learn that an ordinary county will repay the detailed study of a traveller and can contribute its quota to every branch of knowledge. Among the many objections to the social centralization produced by increased locomotion, one of the best-established is our comparative neglect of those neighbourhoods which lie off the great lines of railway. It has been said that young men of the present day can neither take a hand at whist nor pay a compliment like their fathers. It is much more certain that they are less intimately acquainted with Old England, and that topographical ignorance is not the worst result of this degeneracy.

IRON DEFENCES.*

SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS has published, in answer to the *Quarterly Review* of last October, a pamphlet which contains many interesting facts and observations relating to the subject of iron defences for ships and batteries. He appears anxious to guard himself against being supposed to deprecate the interference of the press in the questions treated in his *Naval Gunnery*; and he declares that, on the contrary, his object has been "to submit the whole question of iron defences to that full, deliberate, calm, and sound discussion which it is of the greatest importance to the country that question should undergo." He says that in all his works he has sought to invoke the mind of England, the mechanical skill, inventive faculties, and practical genius of England, to apply itself to the cases which he has presented for solution. It is worthy of remark that the opinion stated in the body of this pamphlet of the service-value of the boasted *Gloire* is in great part confirmed by a note appended to it, containing the substance of the candid paragraph which lately appeared in the *Moniteur de la Flotte*. We now know so much from an authentic source about *La Gloire* that Sir Howard's assertion that she is a failure does not seem to need the support of either argument or authority. Nevertheless, the belief that this vessel was a complete success has prevailed so recently and so widely that a statement of her defects can scarcely yet be obsolete. According to Sir Howard Douglas, she is so overloaded with armour and armament that, in anything like a heavy sea, she not only takes water into her ports, but the sea rolls up her sides and over her. She pitches very heavily in a head-swell from want of buoyancy to ride over it, as might be expected from being loaded with armour at the bow and stern. She could not fight her main-deck guns in a sea in which our first-class frigates would be comparatively at rest; and therefore she is a very bad gunnery ship, her rolling motion being great and quick, so as to vitiate the precision of her rifled guns. "When launched, and fitted for sea, it was found

that she did not carry her guns quite six feet above the water, and she was very deficient in stability. I require not to be told this—it is demonstrable." Perhaps if Sir Howard had published this statement two months ago, it would have met in some quarters with the sort of treatment of which he complains against the *Quarterly Review*. But the world has lately heard from the *Moniteur de la Flotte*—the very paper which boasted of *La Gloire* as a signal triumph over the British navy—that a defect has been discovered in that famous ship; "the water enters by the port-holes forward." This "inconvenience," as it is mildly called, is to be avoided in the frigates which are to be placed on the stocks next year. "The guns are to be more out of the water" in the vessels which now exist only in contemplation; and thus the formidable array of twenty serviceable iron-clad vessels, which were promised in the spring of 1861, will, for the present, effect conquests only in the realm of dreams. And even on the improved model, it seems that these ships will inspire the *Moniteur* with only a limited amount of confidence. "It is chiefly for this service (the protection of ports and rivers) that steel-plated frigates are constructed, as it is not considered safe to send them to sea alone." We believe that this admission of the limited capability of these ships may be fairly understood as applicable to the whole class of them. If so, it will scarcely be denied that Sir Howard Douglas has the best of the controversy which began with the launching of *La Gloire* and the simultaneous boasting of the *Moniteur*.

A further means of judging of the success of the French experiment has been furnished by a sketch of *La Gloire* which appeared in the *Mechanics' Magazine* of the 28th ult. That sketch suggests the observation that no steam-propelled vessel can be an ocean ship unless she be endowed with full sailing power, which *La Gloire* does not possess. The shape of her stem or prow is unsightly, and at least in one respect objectionable. The stem makes with the water-line an acute angle, whereas in ordinary ships this angle is somewhat greater than a right angle. With this shape, it is no wonder that *La Gloire* takes in water at her bow-ports. In a perfectly smooth sea, the prow of this form may be said to plough the water; but just as in the ploughshare the obliquity of the motion tends to enter deep into the medium through which it is passing, and requires to be counteracted by the man between the stilt of the plough or by the machine itself, so a vessel with such a prow must have a great tendency to enter into a sea rather than to rise over it.

After all, then, it appears that in ascertained valuable results our own navy can show as much as the French—that is, nothing. Sir Howard Douglas laments that the public mind has been brought into such a state of "fever and delusion" upon this subject as to cause the laying down of new "monsters" before those now building have been launched and tried. "Yet," he says, "I really thought it would be prudent to launch and try them first;" for, if successful, they would place us far ahead of the French; and, if failures, we should gain valuable experience. There is one point touched upon in this pamphlet which ought not to be overlooked. The English armour-plated ships have iron hulls. Iron was preferred to wood, because it was believed that this material would give the greatest strength, combined with a shape calculated for a high rate of speed. But ships built wholly or principally of iron are exposed to risks from which timber ships are free. The simple fact that a mass of timber floats, while a mass of iron sinks, has been the cause of some serious disasters. "When an iron ship is bilged, having lost its power of floating, the weight of the iron tends to break and destroy it, unless it be stranded on a smooth beach." If it strikes upon a rock amidst ships and remains there, with deep water at the extremities, it becomes filled, either wholly or partially, "and the iron, deprived of buoyancy, exerts a prodigious force to break the vessel's back, and sink the portions which are not in contact with the rock." And even if the vessel has water-tight compartments, the power of floatation in the water-borne portion, acting in a contrary direction to the weight of the portion filled with water, will cause a strain which no iron vessel can resist. In support of this opinion, Sir Howard Douglas refers to the cases of the *Birkenhead* and the *Royal Charter*; both which ships, we believe, went to pieces much sooner than might have been expected from a wooden ship. If Sir Howard's opinion be well-founded, we have thus another difficulty added to the problem of producing a seaworthy armour-plated man-of-war. A passenger steamer whose hull is formed of thin iron plates, may, with the help of more prudence than is generally exercised, be run safely between port and port, but the work of the Royal navy is quite different. It is the duty of a trader to keep away from dangerous rocks and shoals, while a man-of-war may often be called upon to approach them.

This pamphlet contains a description of the plans by which Mr. Joshua Jones and Captain Coles have endeavoured to obviate some of the objections urged against iron-plated ships of the usual form. As it was found that wrought-iron plates placed nearly perpendicular were penetrable by shot, Mr. Jones proposed a ship with inclined sides, "the ship being formed with an angular bend or projection in an outward direction at the line of floatation, so that a shot will glance off, either upwards or downwards, according as she may be struck above or below this line." This description, which is quoted from the specification of Mr. Jones's patent, will not, perhaps, be found very clear without a diagram. It may, however, be explained that the shape of a

* A Postscript to the Section on Iron Defences contained in the Fifth Edition of the "Naval Gunnery." In answer to the erroneous principles set forth by the Reviewer in the "Quarterly Review" for October, 1860. By General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Murray. 1860.

transverse section of the ship's side, instead of being a curve, as usual, would be an angle of about 100 degrees. The line of floatation would pass through the angular point. The upper angle formed by the ship's side with that line would be 45 degrees, and the lower angle a few degrees larger. Now it is not denied that a side thus sloped inwards evades the force of the blows of horizontal shot; but the shot or shell, or fragments of them, fly up the side, and would destroy the masts and rigging, and then descend with dangerous effect upon the water or land inside the ship, which possibly she might be expected to protect. As Sir Howard Douglas says, a battery, whether afloat or ashore, "can scarcely be called shot-proof unless it stop the shot." Another objection is that from the falling-in of the sides the breadth of the gun-deck would be inconveniently reduced, unless the vessel had an unusual breadth of beam at the water-line. But this breadth would demand a corresponding length, unless all idea of producing a fast sea-going vessel were abandoned. And further, it is plain that vessels of such a form are totally unfit for any service on the ocean. "In anything of a sea, bodies of waves would rush up the inclined plane in a state of surf, as we see waves rush up the long slope of a beach or breakwater."

Captain Coles proposes to improve upon Mr. Jones's plan by withdrawing the armament from the gun-deck, where, in truth, there is not sufficient room for it, and placing the guns in pairs in round towers formed of strong timbers, covered with 43-in. iron plates. He would place seven or nine of these towers on the upper very narrow deck, each tower erected on a base which is made to turn upon its centre, like the turn-table at a railway station. Captain Coles further proposes to place outside the sloping armour-plated sides, upright sides of thin iron plates, so as to prevent the water from rushing up the angulated sides. After explaining the difference in the arrangement of the weight in such a revolving tower and in a turn-table with a loaded truck on it, Sir Howard concludes that, even on land, the tower would require greater power to move it than the turn-table. And then he asks how it would be at sea, and particularly when there is any swell. "When the inclination or roll of the ship is towards the side where the guns are placed, it would be difficult to prevent the centre of gravity from descending to the lowest point; and when the roll or inclination is the reverse, it would require very great power to lift the guns or to turn the tower the other way." It is further to be observed that the weight of one of these towers, with a pair of guns, is stated to be 68 tons; and thus nine towers would give 612 tons of weight placed upon the ship's deck, in addition to the weight of her armour-plates. Sir Howard Douglas thinks that this enormous top-weight of guns, towers, and plates must prove fatal to the scheme. "Such a vessel could scarcely swim upright."

The defects alleged against *La Gloire* can only be obviated by building larger ships. This truth has been perceived and acted upon—though we fear hastily—by the British Admiralty. But between ships of equal size, Sir Howard reasonably argues that the superiority of speed would belong to that one which did not carry armour; and speed, as he has often urged, is the most important element of success. He considers that all the attempts hitherto made to produce an iron-cased ocean-ship have proved abortive, and he urges that, as the panic created by *La Gloire* is beginning to abate, "and leaves us at liberty to think calmly and prudently as to what we shall do," we ought to prepare by similar means against any attempt that might be made with such vessels to cross the Channel, although they are not fit to keep the sea. We ought also to look well to the state of our coast defences, which require modernizing in many places, so as to meet the increased facilities which steam affords for an attack. Above all things let us have plenty of earthen batteries built on commanding sites, and mounted with powerful guns. This is a cheap and sure defence. To these suggestions of Sir Howard Douglas we will venture to add one of our own—that those who think, and especially those who write, on national defences should carefully read his calm and practical advice contained in the pamphlet now before us, so that both the military position of the country may be rendered safer and its dignity may be better sustained than it now is.

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HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, near Richmond, Surrey.—This Establishment is NOW OPEN for the RECEPTION of PATIENTS, under the superintendence of the present Proprietor, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin., Author of "Hydrophaty, or Hygienic Medicine," Second Edition, John Churchhill, New Burlington-street. The Park and Baths on the premises under Dr. Lane's medical direction.

THE IMPORTANT SALE OF SHAWLS, CLOAKS, SILKS, and FANCY DRESSES will continue for about three weeks, previous to decorating the Premises for the approaching Spring Season. FARMER and ROGERS are now selling a great portion of their Super Stock at an immense Reduction in Price. Especial attention is requested to Great Bargains in warm SEAL-SKIN CLOAKS, at 14 Guineas, and warm WINTER SHAWLS, at 10s. 6d. and 7s. Real Seal-Skin Cloaks and Jackets at nearly half-price.—175, 176, 178, REGENT-STREET, W.

THE UNITY JOINT STOCK BANK.—LAMBETH BRANCH.—The Directors hereby give notice that they have opened a Branch at 54, Mount-street, Westminster-terrace; 10, Cannon-street; and 1, New Coventry-street, January, 1861.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.—BANK OF DEPOSIT
(Established A.D. 1844), 5, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.
The WARRANTS for the HALF-YEARLY INTEREST, at the rate of Five per Cent. per Annum, on Deposit Accounts, to the 31st of December, are READY for delivery, and payable daily between the hours of Ten and Four.
10th January, 1861. PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.
Prospectuses and Forms sent free on application.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE.
FLEET STREET, LONDON, 3rd January, 1861.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a GENERAL MEETING of the Proprietors of the Law Life Assurance Society will be held at the SOCIETY'S OFFICE, Fleet-street, London, on SATURDAY, the 2nd day of FEBRUARY next, at Twelve o'clock at noon precisely, pursuant to the provisions of the Society's Deed of Settlement for the purpose of receiving the Auditor's Annual Report of the Accounts of the Society up to the 31st day of December, 1860; to elect a Trustee in the room of JOHN HENRY CASSELLOR, Esq., deceased; and a Director in the room of RICHARD RICHARDS, Esq., deceased; and for General Purposes. The Director to be chosen in the room of RICHARD RICHARDS, Esq., deceased, will remain in office until the 25th day of June next.

By Order of the Directors,
WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNES, Accountant.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1825.

The First Division of Profits took place in 1859; and subsequent Divisions have been made in 1860, 1861, and 1862, and will take place in 1863, and 1864.
The next division will be declared in 1861, when the amount can be added to each Policy, its value taken in cash, or applied to the reduction of future premiums, at the option of the assured.

ACCUMULATED FUND £1,800,000 0 0
ANNUAL REVENUE 300,000 0 0

The Company purchases its policies on equitable terms, and grants loans to the extent of their value, at a moderate rate of interest.
Forfeited policies can be revived within thirteen months of lapsing, on certain conditions.

Policies of five years' duration are eligible for admission to select class of assurance, which includes free residence in any part of the world.

One of the Medical Officers attends at the London Office daily at Half-past One o'clock.

WILL THOS. THOMSON, Manager.
H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

LONDON 82, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY.
EDINBURGH 3, GEORGE STREET (Head Office).
DUBLIN 40, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

REDUCTION OF THE WINE DUTIES.

ROYAL VICTORIA SHERRY, 27s. per Dozen,
Bottles and Cases included.
EUROPEAN and COLONIAL WINE COMPANY, 122, Pall-mall, London.
WM. REID TIPPING, Manager.

CONTINENTAL WINE COMPANY (LIMITED).
1, NEW BROAD STREET, E.C.

Wines bought of the growers and sold at wholesale prices.

Sherry, 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 40s.
Port, 20s., 24s., 30s., 40s., 50s.
Claret, 22s., 24s., 30s., 40s., 50s.
Hock, 24s., 30s., 36s., 44s., 50s.
Champagne, 32s., 40s., 48s., 50s., 60s.
French Brandy as imported.

Per Dozen, for cash, bottles included, free delivered in London, and Six Dozen free to any Station in England or Wales.

The COMPANY'S OWN PORT and SHERRY, 24s., highly recommended.

SCOTCH WHISKY.—C. and J. McDONALD, 74, GEORGE STREET, PERTH (Established 1786), have always on hand a large and well-selected stock of Highland and other Whisky. Prices moderate. Terms cash. Orders punctually attended to.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY & COGNAC BRANDY.
This celebrated Old Irish Whisky rivals the first French Brandy. It is pure, mild, elegant, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d. each, at most of the respectable retail houses in London; by the appointed agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 5, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork marked "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE IN BOTTLE, recommended by
A Baron LIEBIG and all the Faculty, may now be had in the finest condition of
Messrs. HARRINGTON PARKER, and CO.
5s. per dozen Imperial Pints.
Imperial Half-pint, 2s. 6d.

Address HARRINGTON PARKER, and Co., 54, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

FINE TEA CHEAPER.
STRACHAN AND CO'S JUSTLY CELEBRATED
DRAWING ROOM TEA
Is now reduced to 4s. per lb. Guaranteed the Finest and Cheapest Tea in the United Kingdom.
30, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

THE BEST and CHEAPEST TEAS in ENGLAND are to be obtained of PHILLIPS and CO., Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London. Good strong useful Congou Tea, 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 3s., and 3s. 6d. Rich Souchong Tea, 3s. 6d., 3s. 10d., and 4s. Tea and Coffee, to the value of 40s., sent carriage free to any railway station or market town in England. A Price Current free by post on application.

PEACE IS PROCLAIMED WITH CHINA.
Who have kept Tea at Peace Prices during the War:—THE EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY, who have never Raised their Prices during the War. The East India Tea Company's Teas, at Merchant's Prices, commencing at 2s. 6d. Finest Souchongs and Congous cheaper than any other house.
Offices: 9, Great St. Helen's-churchyard, Bishopsgate-street.

SAUCES.—CONNOISSEURS HAVE PRONOUNCED
LEA and PERRINS' "WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE"
one of the best additions to Soup, Fish, Joists, and Game. The large and increasing demand has caused unprincipled traders to manufacture a spurious article; but the "GENUINE" all bear LEA and PERRINS' name on Bottle, Label, and Stopper.
Sold by CROSSE and BLACKWELL, London, and all respectable Olmen and Grocers.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS—
LEA and PERRINS, WORCESTER.

CROSSE and BLACKWELL, Purveyors in Ordinary to Her Majesty, invite attention to their PICKLES, SAUCES, TART FRUITS, and other Table Delicacies, the whole of which are prepared with the most scrupulous attention to wholesomeness and purity. C. and B. have for many years enjoyed the high honour of supplying Her Majesty's Table with their Manufactures. A few of the articles most highly recommended are—Pickles and Tart Fruits of every description, Royal Table Sauce, Essence of Shrimps, Sole Sauce, Essence of Anchovies, Orange Marmalade, Anchovy and Rooster Pastes, Strawberry and other Potted Meats, Cal's-foot Jellies of various kinds for table use, M. Sover's Sauces, Relish, and Aromatic Mustard, Carstairs' Sir Robert Peel's Sauce, and Payne's Royal Osborne Sauce. To be obtained of all respectable Olmen, Grocers, &c., and wholesale of CROSSE and BLACKWELL, 21, Soho-square, London.

PORTRAITS, 3s. 6d. by 2s. Ten for Ten Shillings.
"The finest we ever saw."—Art Journal.

The LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, 54, Cheapside, two doors from Bow Church, have made a reduction of Forty per Cent. on the west-end prices on the above. By friends exchanging these charming portraits, each is enabled by such exchange to have a large group of his friends on his drawing-room table, and thus add at a trifling cost another source of amusement to the social circle. The Company simply invite an inspection. The Pictures are arranged and photographed by an eminent foreign artist, whose services the Company have recently secured. All the celebrated men of the day can also be supplied in the above style. Private entrance, Bow-churchyard, where carriages can wait.

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
—PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, Screens, Frames, and Portraits of the Royal Family, the Crowned Heads of Europe, and distinguished Personages of all nations. Single Portraits, 1s. 6d. each. TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS, fitted complete. Dressing Cases, Writing Cases, Despatch Boxes, Jewel Cases, MEDALLION MOUNTED ENVELOPES, &c. &c. &c. and Ink-stands, &c. &c. The new Patent Self-Closing Book-Side Fans. Elegances in Ormolu, China, and Bronze. Also a choice variety of Novelties suitable for Presentation, to be had at HENRY RODRIGUES, 42, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. Catalogues post free.